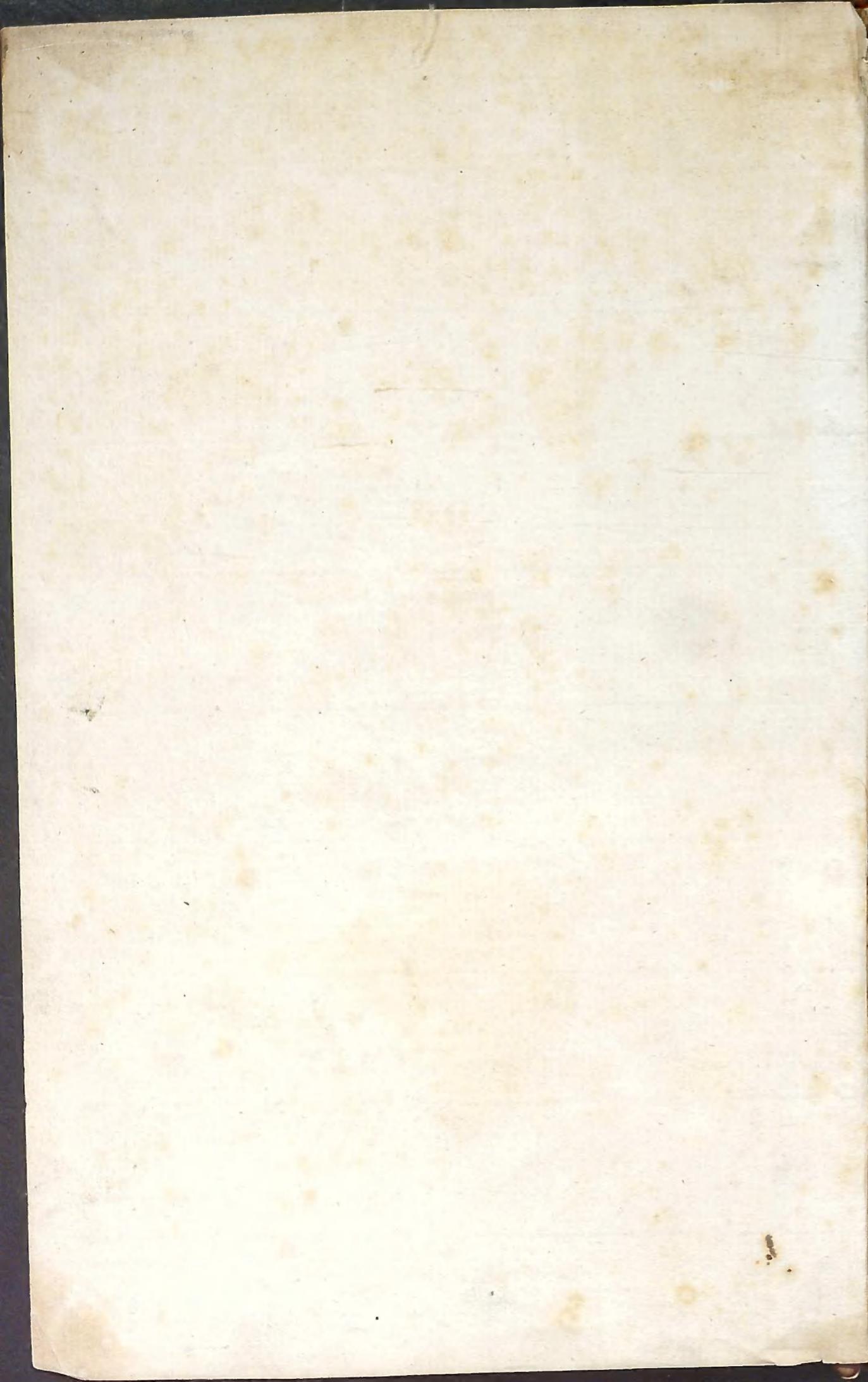


I.J.26

(26a follows)

I.J.26  
26a  
1356





SELECT  
*Musical Ayres,*  
AND  
*DIALOGUES,*

For one and two Voyces, to sing  
to the Theorbo, Lute, or Basse Violl.

Composed by

John Wilson, } Doctours of  
Charles Colman, } Musick.

Henry Lawes, } Gentlemen.  
William Webb,

To which is added some few  
short Ayres or Songs for three  
Voyces, to an Instrument.

London, Printed for John Playford,  
and to be sold at his shop in the Inner  
Temple, neare the  
Church doore.

Anno Domini, 1652.

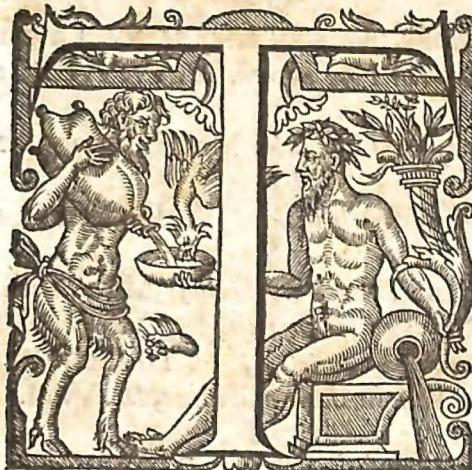
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C48/1

To the most Excellent, and accomplished Masters of Musick,

John Wilson, } Doctours in Musick. } Henry Lawes, }  
Charles Colman, } William Webb. } Gentlemen.



HE Philosophers held that the soule of man was *Musick*; not that the being thereof was framed of Numbers, as the *Pithagoreans* affirme: But for that it is the subject of all Harmoniall concents; intimating heerby, the Dignity and High Renowne of that Art which discended from so Noble a Stem, seeking by all means to innoble the same, and that man to be unfit for the society of men, that honoureth not so worthy a Jewell, as *Musick*, which is such a Harmony, skilfully expressed by Instrument and Voyce, which stirs and raises the Affections to Admiration, and is most powerfull when joyned together. Hence grew the heavenly Art of *Linus, Orpheus*, and the rest, according to the number, and time

of their Poems, framed their number, and time of Musick: And *Plato* defines Melody to consist of Harmony, Number, and Words; Harmony of it selfe naked, Words being its Ornament, and Number the common Friend and Uniter of both: Yet alas! in these our dayes how little is this Worthy Science respected, nay rather scorned, none regarding the melodious Charmes of *Orpheus*, or the enchanting Melody of *Arion*? Therefore for the preservation and expression of this Noble and Heavenly Science, I have heer collected of the Beauteous Flowers which grew in your fragrant Gardens, these sweet Ayres for Instrument and Voyce, hoping you will not conceive the Spiders Web to be the worse being woven out of her owne Bowels, nor is the Bees Hony the worse, though gathered of severall Flowers. The Worke is yours, You by whom Musick may thinke her selfe richly graced and beautified by your rare skill and knowledge in this Science, in which you are most richly blest, and by you is this most excellent Science preserved alive in this Nation: Therefore the praise belongs to you this Collection being the issue of some part of your excellent paines; it can then be no lesse then Justice and my Duty to present to your protection, that which is your owne. To you I owe the tribute of my paines, acknowledging my selfe deeply ingaged in the debt of Service and Respect for your willing condiscension to the powerfull perswasion of some Friends for the publication of these few Ayres and Dialogues; there is variety, it may be to please all. — *Non omnibus unum est. Quod placit, hic Spinis colligit, ille Rosas.* But above all my care has been not to displease you, having taken paines to bring this to light, without any prejudice to your Worth or Honour: The publication of these may be a meanes to bring forth more of this nature, to equallize other Nations, who dayly afford divers of this kinde. But for the present I shall desire the grace of these may attend upon your selves, and your loving acceptance afforded to him that is an admirer, and an honourer of your Virtues, and your

Most humble servant,

John Playford, Philo-Music.

# A Table of the Ayres contained in the first part of this Booke.

A	L
<i>As I walk'd forth, Mr. Rob. Johnson pag. 3</i>	<i>Lay that sullen garland by, Mr. Joh. Taylor. 22</i>
<i>Amidst the Mirtles, M. H. Lawes. 8</i>	<i>Let not thy Beauty make thee proud, M.H. L. 2. 34</i>
<i>A Lover once I did espie, M. H. Lawes. 12</i>	<i>Little love serves my turne, M. H. Lawes. 36</i>
<i>About the sweet bag of a Bee, M.H. Lawes. 33</i>	
<i>A willow Garland, M. H. Lawes. 35</i>	
B	N
<i>Bid me but live and I, M.H. Lawes. 18</i>	<i>Neither sighs and tears, Mr. Laneare. 12</i>
<i>Bright Aurelia I do vow, D. Char. Colman. 30</i>	<i>Never perswade me too't, Dr. Colman. 30</i>
<i>By all the Gloryes, M. H. Lawes. 37</i>	<i>No no fair Heretick, M. Hen. Lawes. 38</i>
<i>Beauty and Love once fell at odds, M. H. La. 39</i>	
C	O
<i>Come Lovers all to me, M. H. Lawes 7</i>	<i>O my Clarissa thou cruell fair, M. W. Law. 12</i>
<i>Cloris fals love made Clora weep, Dr. Wilf. 25</i>	<i>Of the kind Boy I ask no red. M. W. Webb. 14</i>
<i>Cloris farewell, I now must go, M. H. La. 34</i>	
<i>Come lovely Phillis, M. Hen. Lawes. 35</i>	
F	P
<i>Faith be no longer coy, M. Will. Lawes. 9</i>	<i>Phillis, why should we delay Mr. H. Lawes. 20</i>
<i>Fain would I Cloris, Dr. Wilson. 23</i>	
<i>Fuggt Fuggi de luta, Italian. 41</i>	
G	Q
<i>Go and bestride the wind, Mr. W. Webb. 40</i>	<i>Quench insprightly wine, D. Colman. 44</i>
H	S
<i>How cool and temperate, M. H. Lawes. 11</i>	<i>She which would not I would chuse, M.R. Smith. 4</i>
<i>How happy art thou and I, M. H. Lawes. 21</i>	<i>She that loves me for my selfe, M.W. Webb. 15</i>
<i>How am I chang'd from what, Dr. Colman. 31</i>	<i>Stay, ô stay that heart I vow, Dr. Colman. 27</i>
I	T
<i>I wish no more thou shouldest, Mr. Laneare. 5</i>	<i>Since love hath in thine and mine, Dr. Wilf. 32</i>
<i>I am confirm'd a woman can, M. H. Lawes. 9</i>	
<i>If any live that fain would prove, Mr. Cæsar. 16</i>	
<i>If the quick spirit of your eye, M. H. Lawes. 19</i>	
<i>I love a Lass but cannot shew it, Dr. Wilson. 24</i>	
V	W
	<i>Take, O take those lips away, Dr. Wilson. 2</i>
	<i>Thou art not fair for all thy, M. Laneare. 8</i>
	<i>Tell me ye wandring spirts, M. H. Lawes. 17</i>
	<i>Tell me no more her eyes, M. W. Lawes. 19</i>
	<i>To Bachus we to Bachus sing, D. Colman. 42</i>
V	V
	<i>Vitorious Beauty, Mr. William Webb. 21</i>
W	W
	<i>why shouldest thou swear I am, French Ayre. 5</i>
	<i>when thou didst thinke I did not love. 6</i>
	<i>wert thou yet fairer then thou art. 26</i>
	<i>Wake my Adonis. Dr. Colman. 28</i>

## A Table of the Dialogues and Songs of 3 parts contained in the second part of this Booke.

### Dialogues.

<i>I Preeche keep my sheep for me, M. Laneare</i>	<i>I wish no more, Mr. William Webb.</i>
<i>She heard in faish I cannot stay, M. Laneare</i>	<i>Yong and simple though I am, Mr. N. Laneare.</i>
<i>Come my Daphne come away, M. W. Lawes</i>	<i>Though I am yong, and cannot tell, Mr. Laneare.</i>
<i>Forbeare fond swain, I cannot love, M. Cæsar</i>	<i>Gather your Rose-buds, Mr. William Lawes.</i>
<i>Dear Silva let thy Thirsis know, Dr. Colman</i>	<i>Let her give her hand, Mr. William Webb.</i>
<i>Did not you once Lucinda vow, Dr. Colman.</i>	<i>Not that I wish my Mistresse, Mr. Will. Webb.</i>
<i>Charon, O Charon drar thy Boat, M. H. La.</i>	<i>As the sweet breath and gentle gales, Mr. Webb.</i>
<i>Charon, O gentle Charon, M. Will. Lawes</i>	<i>Tell me O Damon, canst thou, Mr. W. Webb.</i>

### Ayres, or Songs for 3 voyces.

<i>I wish no more, Mr. William Webb.</i>	
<i>Yong and simple though I am, Mr. N. Laneare.</i>	
<i>Though I am yong, and cannot tell, Mr. Laneare.</i>	
<i>Gather your Rose-buds, Mr. William Lawes.</i>	
<i>Let her give her hand, Mr. William Webb.</i>	
<i>Not that I wish my Mistresse, Mr. Will. Webb.</i>	
<i>As the sweet breath and gentle gales, Mr. Webb.</i>	
<i>Tell me O Damon, canst thou, Mr. W. Webb.</i>	

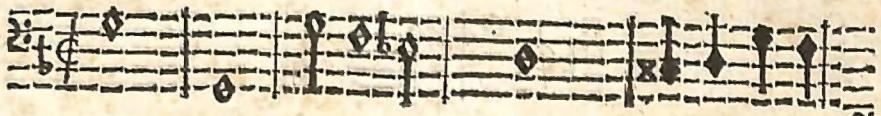
ALL sorts of Musicall Books which have been printed in English, are sold by John Playford at his shop in the Inner Temple; but especially these, Mr. Chilas set of Psal. for 3. voc. with a thorough Basse, Mr. East last set of Fancies for the Viols of 2. 3. & 4. parts; also Mr. Bath's. Introduction to the skill of Songs, and All sorts of tul'd Paper for Musick, and tul'd Books ready bound up.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

cix



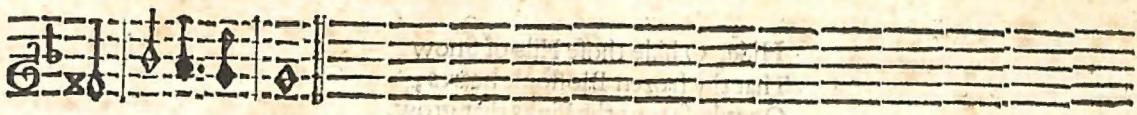
Ike hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my dayes of



endles doubt, to wail such woes as time can not recure, where none but love shal ever find me



out. And at my gates, and at my gates despair shal linger stil, to let in death, to let in death when



love and fortune will.



A Gown of gray my body shall attire,  
My staffe of broken hope whereon Ile stay,  
Of late repentance linkt with long dispaire,  
The Couch is fram'd wheron my limbs I lay.  
And at my gates, &c.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,  
My drinke nought else but teares falm from mine  
And for my light in this obscure shade, (eyes,  
The flame may serve, which from my heart arise.  
And at my gates, &c.

B

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Bassie Violl.

Ake, O take those lips a way that so sweetly were for-  
sworn, & thos eys that breake of day's light that do mislead the morn, but my kisses bring  
againe seals of love though seals in vain.

Hide, O hide those Hils of Snow  
That thy frozen Blosome beares;  
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,  
Are yet of those that April weares;  
But first set my poore heart free,  
Bound in those Icy Chaines by thee.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

3



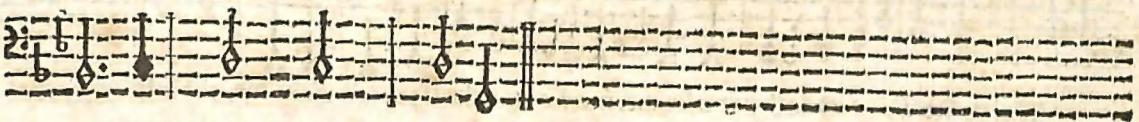
S I walkt forth one Summers day, to view the Meadows green &



gay, a pleasant Bower I espi ed standing fast by the River side, and in't a mayden I heard cry,



alas, alas, ther's none er'e lov'd as I.



Then round the Meadow did she walk,  
Catching each Flowers by the stalk,  
Such Flowers as in the Meadow grew,  
The dead mans thumb, and hearb all blew,  
And as she pul'd them still cri'd she,  
Alas, alas, there's none er'e lov'd like me.

The Flowers of the sweetest scent  
She bound about with knotty Bents,  
And as she bound them up in Bands,  
She wept, she sight, and she wrong her hands :  
Alas, alas, alas, cri'd she,  
Alas, there's none er'e lov'd like me.

When she had fill'd her aprone full  
Of such green things as she could cull ;  
The green leaves serv'd her for her bed,  
The Flowers were the pillows for her head ;  
Then down she layd her, ne're word more did speak,  
Alas, alas, with love her heart did break.

B 2

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Bassie Violl.



He which would not I would chuse, she which would I would re-



fuse, *Venus* could my minde but tame, but not satisfie the same.



Inticements offered I despise,  
And deny'd I slightly prize :  
I would neither glut my minde,  
Nor yet too much torment finde.



Thrice girt *Di ana* doth not take me, nor *Venus* naked joyfull make me, the first



no pleasure hath to joy me, & the last enough to cloy me.

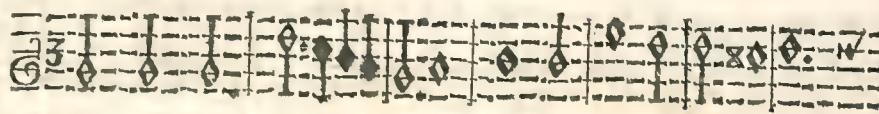
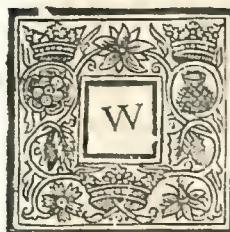


As the first strain.

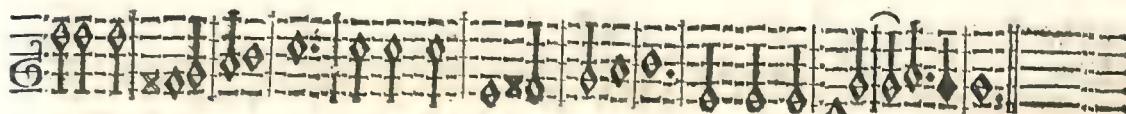
But a crafty Wench I'de have,  
That can tell the art I crave,  
And joyne at one, in one these two,  
I will, and yet I will not doe.  
She which would not, &c.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

5



Hy shouldest thou sweare I am forsworn, since thine I vow'd to be,



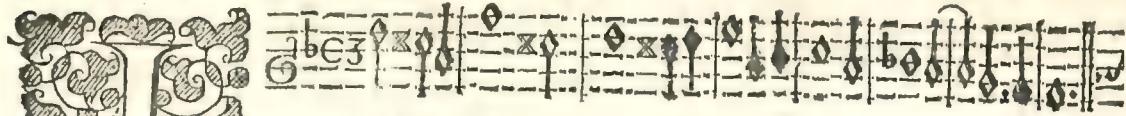
Lady it is already morn, it was last night I swor to thee, this fond impoſſibi li ty.



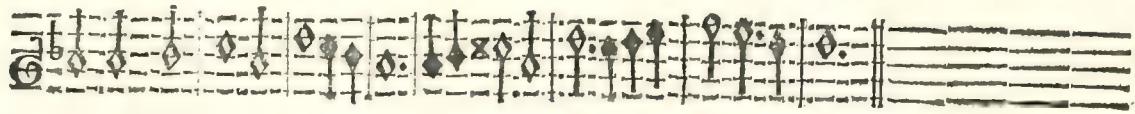
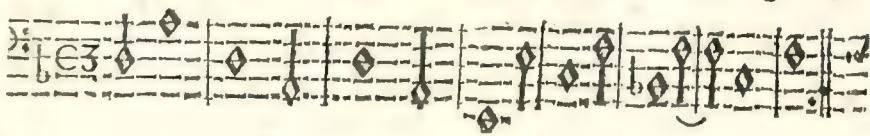
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve hours space,  
I should all other Beauties wrong,  
And rob me of a new imbrace,  
Should I still dote upon thy face.

Not that all Joyes in thy browne haire  
By others may be found:  
But I will search the black, the faire,  
Like skilfull Miners that found  
For treasures in unplowed ground.

Then when I have lov'd thee round  
Thou prove the pleasant shee,  
In spoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,  
I laden will return to thee.



Wish no more thou shouldest love me, my joys are full in loving thee,



my heart's too narrow to containe, my bliss if thou shouldest love me againe.



Thy scorne may wound me, but my fate  
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;  
Yet I must love while I have breath,  
For not to love were worse then death.

Then shall I sue for scorne or grace,  
A lingering life, or death embrace;  
Since one of these I needs must try,  
Love me but once, and let me dy.

Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,  
Then cruell life can yield thee praise;  
It shall be counted who so dies,  
No murder, but a sacrifice.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Bassie Violl.



Hen thou didst think I did not love, then didst thou fawn on me, now



when thou find'st that I do prove ~~as~~ kinde, ~~as~~ kinde may be, love faints in thee.



What way to fix the Mercury of thy ill fixt minde,  
Me thinkes it were good policy for me to turn unkinde,  
to make thee kinde.

And though I might my selfe excuse with imitating thee,  
Yet will I no example use that may bewray in mee  
lightnesse to bee.

Nor will I yet good nature stain to buy at so great cost,  
She which before I did obtain, I make account almost  
my labour lost.

But since I gave thee once my heart my constancy shall show,  
That though thou play the womans part and from a friend turn foe,  
men doe not see.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Bassie Violl.

7



Ome Lovers all to me, & cease your mourning : Love hath no shafts to

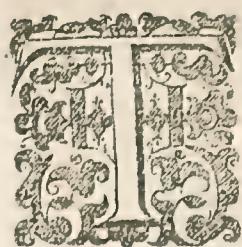
shoot, no more brands burning: He means my pains shal you from pains de liver, for in my

brest ha's emptied all his Quiver. Had he not been a child he would have known, ha's lost

= thousand servants to kill one.

C 2

## Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.



Hon art not faire for all thy red & white, for all those rosie or na-  
 Hou art not sweet nor made of meer delight, nor faire, nor sweet, unlesse

ments in thee. I wil not, I wil not smooth thy fancy, thou shalt prove, that beauty is no beauty  
 thou pity mee.

Yet love not me, nor seeke thou to allure  
 My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;  
 Thy smiles and kisses I cannot indure,  
 I'l not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.

Now shew it if thou be a woman right,  
 Imbrace, and kisse, and love me in despite.



Midst the Mirtles as I walke, love & my sighs thus enter talke,

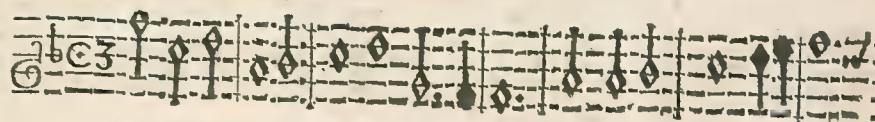
tell me, said I, in deep distresse, where I may finde my shepardeste.

Then foole sayd love, know'st thou not this,  
 In every thing that's good shee is,  
 In yonder Tulip go and seeke,  
 There thou shalt finde her lip and cheeke.  
 In that inamel'd Fancy by,  
 There shalt thou finde her curious eye  
 In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud  
 There wave the stremes of her bloud.

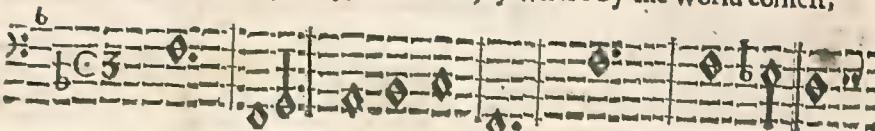
'Tis true said I, and thereupon,  
 And went and pluckt them one by one  
 To make a part a union,  
 But on a suddaine all was gone.  
 At which I stopt: said love, these bee  
 Fond man resemblances of thee;  
 For as these Flowers thy Joy must dye,  
 Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
 As do those Flowers when knit together.

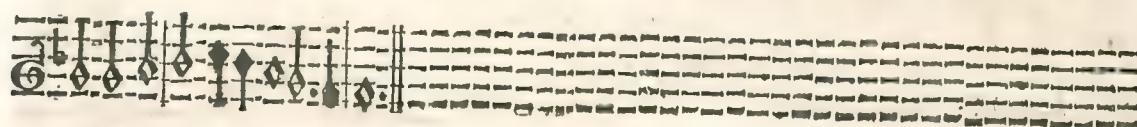
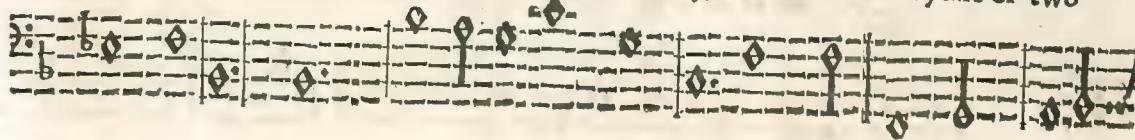
Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Bassie Violl.



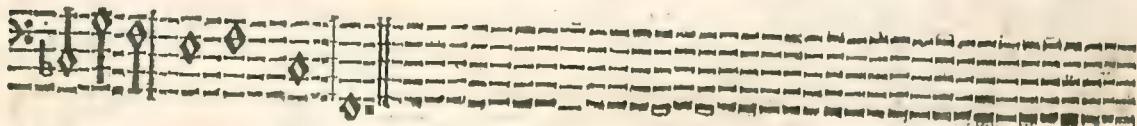
Aith be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confess,



women love best: thy beauty fresh as May, will soon decay, besides with in a yeare or two



I shalbe old and cannot doe.



Do'st thinke that nature can  
For every man,  
Had she more skill, provide  
So faire a Bride:  
Who ever had a Feast  
For a single Guest?  
No, without she did intend  
To serve the husband and his friend.

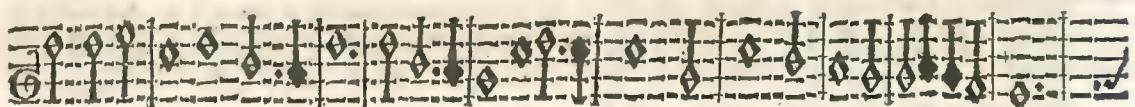
To be a little nice  
Sets better price  
On Virgins, and improves  
Their servants loves,  
But on the riper yeates  
It ill appeares:  
After a while you'l finde this true,  
I need provoking more then you.

D

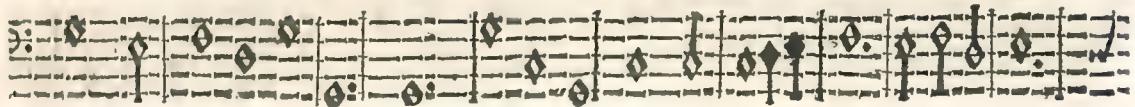
## Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Bassie Violl.



Am confirm'd a woman can, love this, or that or a ny man,  
This day her love is melting hot, to morrow swears she knows you not,



let her but an new object find, & she is of another mind, then hang me Ladies at your doore,



if e're I doat up on you more.

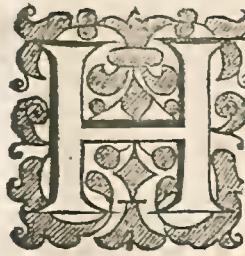


Yet still I'le love the faire one, why?  
For nothing but to please mine eye;  
And so the fat and soft skin'd Dame  
I'le flatter to appease my flame:  
For her that's musicall I long,  
When I am sad to sing a Song:  
But hang me Ladies, &c

I'le give my fancy leave to range  
Through every face to finde out change:  
The black, the brown, the fair shall be  
But objects of varietie:  
I'le court you all to serve my turne,  
But with such flames shall not burne:  
For hang me Ladies, &c.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

ii



Ow coole & temperate I am grown, since I could call my



heart my own, beauty & I now calmly play, whilst others burn and melt way, not all



those wanton houres I have spent, can rob me of this new content.



Loves mists are scattered from my sight,  
Which flatred me with new delight,  
And now I see 'tis but a face  
That stole my heart out of its place :

Then love forgive me, I'le no more  
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

Farwell to all heart breaking eyes,  
Farwell each looke that can surprize,  
Farwell those Curles and amorous spele,  
Farwell each place where Cupid dwels;  
And farwell each bewitching smile,  
I must enjoy my selfe a while.

D 2



Lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart & weeping eye, he

wept & cry'd, how great's his pain, that lives in love, & loves in vain.

Can there (sayes he) no Cure be found,  
But by the hand that gave the wound?  
Then let me dye, which I'le indure,  
Since she wants Charity to cure:

Yet let her one day feele the paine,  
To wish she had cur'd, but wish in vaine;  
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover  
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.



My *Clarisa*, thou cruell faire, bright as the morn, and soft as the

Ayre, fresher then flowers in May, yea far more sweet then they, love is the subject of my prayer

*ee:*

When first I saw thee, I felt a flame  
Which from thine eyes like lightning came;  
Sure it was Cupids dart,  
It pierced so my heart:  
O could your brest once feele my paine.

Then would the God of love equall bee,  
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;  
Then would you never scorne,  
When like to me you burne:  
At least not prove unkind to mee.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

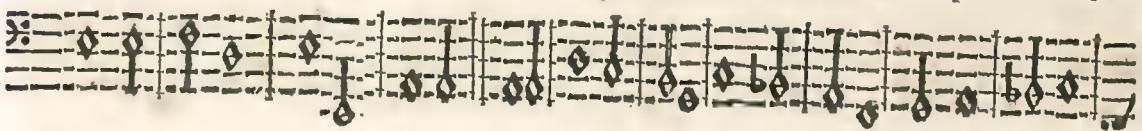
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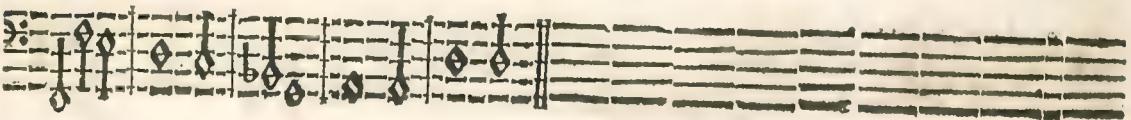
Either sighs, nor tears, nor mourning, protestations, imprecations,



moves not her, nor quench my burning, she so fridged, & so ridged, that my love procures but



scorning, that my love procures but scorning.



When I follow her she flies me,  
Swiftly running  
With more cunning  
Then the Hare or Bird that spies me,  
Still disdaining  
My complaining,  
And to heare my grieve denies me.

Say alone, must it be so then?  
Shall she glory in my story,  
In my story,  
And I unrevenged go then?  
Prithe Cupid  
Be not stupid,  
Bend in my defence thy bow then!

## Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Bassie Violl.



F the kind boy I aske no red & white to make up my delight, no od be-



coming graces, black eyes, or lit tle know not what's in faces make me but mad enough, give



me good store of love for her I court, I aske no more, 'tis love in love that makes the sport.

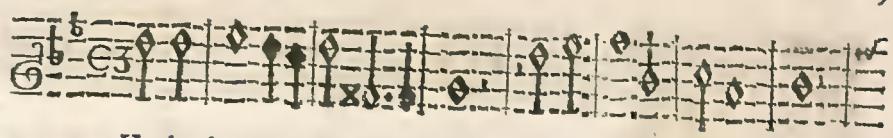


There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,  
It 'tis meere couzenage all;  
For though some long a go  
Lik't certaine colours mingled so and so,  
That doth not tie me now from chasing new,  
If I a fancy take  
Too black and blew,  
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

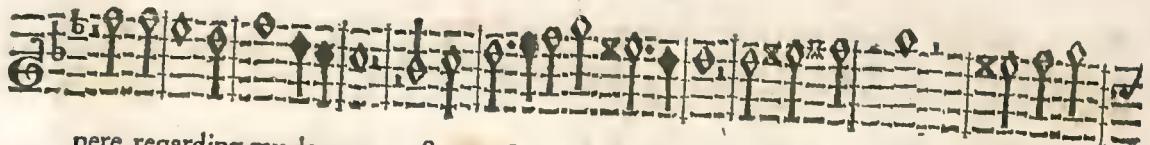
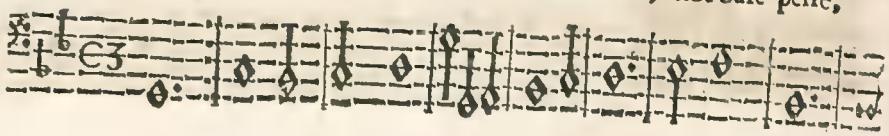
'Tis not the meatc, but 'tis the appetite  
Makes eating a delight;  
And if I like one dish  
More then another, that a Pheasant is,  
What in our Matches, may in us be found,  
So to the height, and nick  
We up be bound,  
No matter by what hand or trick.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

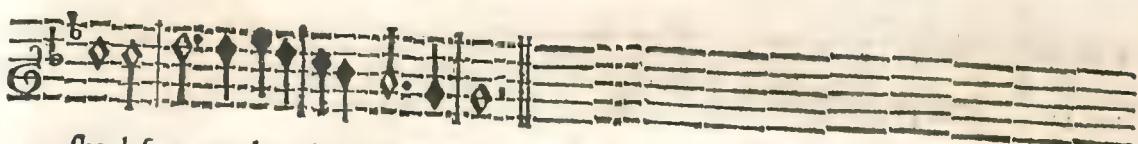
15



He that loves me for my selfe, for affect ion, not base pelfe,



nere regarding my de cent,gesture, feature, but intent, she on ly she, she, on ly



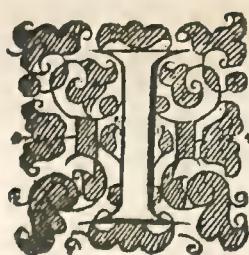
she,deserves to be be lov'd of me.



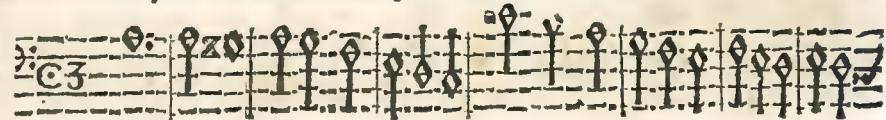
She that loves me for no end,  
But because I am her friend;  
Never doubting my desire,  
But believ'd it sacred fire:  
She only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

She that loves me with resolve  
Ne're to alter till dissolve;  
Slighting all things, that sterne fate  
May hereafter seeme to threat:  
She only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

E 2



F any live that fain would prove, how powerful is the God of love,



& yet himselfe goe free, let him on me but fix his eyes, & he shall read loves ty ran ies, and



soon shall perfect be, in his Ana to mie, in his An a to mie.



So many Stars, are not it h skies,  
Nor yet in burning Autumnne flies,  
Or Birds in Ayre doe hover ;  
The Spring hath not so many Buds,  
Nor drops are in the Ocean Flouds  
As grieves you may discover  
In ~~me~~ poore Constant Lover.

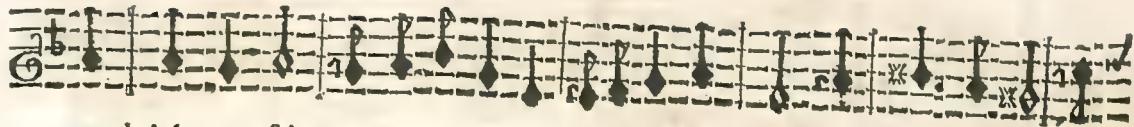
Long paine and sorrow short, injoying  
A dying life, lifes good destroying,  
Fond hope desires vaine,  
Small thankes, lesse faith, but great tormentings,  
False smiles, true teares, and true lamentings ;  
These (if y' observe) you'l gaine  
Experience by my paine.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

17



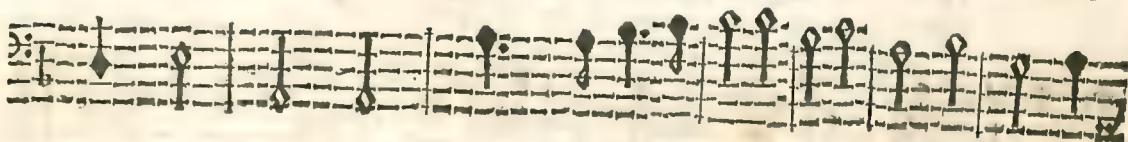
Ell me you wan dering spir its of the Ayre, did you not see a Nymph



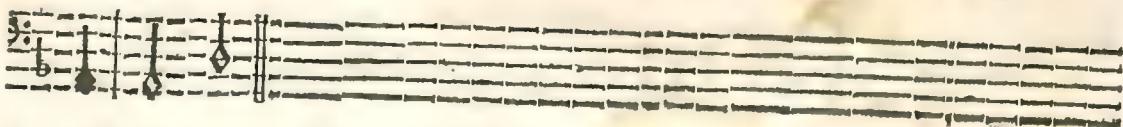
more bright, more faire then beauties darling, or of parts more sweet then stolne content, if



such a one you meet wait on her hourelly where so ere she flies, and cry, and cry, *A minstrel for*



her absence dies.



Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,  
You'll finde a scent, a blush of her in those:  
Fish, fish, for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see  
How orientall all her Colours be;

Go call the Echoes to your ayde, and cry,  
*Cloris, Cloris*, for that's her name for whom I dye.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,  
Were she on earth, she had been with me still:  
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,  
And try what Star hath lately lighted there:  
If any brighter then the Sun you see,  
\*Fall downe, fall downe, and worship it, for that is shee.



Fall downe, fall downe.

## Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Bassie Violl.



If me but live, and I will live, thy Vota ry to be or bid

me love, and I will give a loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kinde, a heart as soundly free  
 As in the world thou canst not finde, that heart I'le give to thee.  
 Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree;  
 Or bid it languish quite away, and it shall do't for thee.  
 Bid me to weepe, and I will weepe, while I have eyes to see;  
 Or having none, yet I will keepe a heart to weepe for thee.  
 Thou art my love, my life, my heart, the very eye of mee,  
 And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.



Tell me no more her eyes are like to rising Suns, that wonder strike;

for if 'twere so, how could it be, they could be thus eclips'd to me.



Tell me no more her brests doe grow  
 Like rising Hills of melting Snow ;  
 For if 'twere so, how could they lyce  
 So neare the sun-shine of her eye ?

Tell me no more the restlesse spheres  
 Compar'd to her voyce, fright our eates ;  
 For if 'twere so, how then could death  
 Dwell with such discord in her breath ?  
 No say her eyes Portenders are  
 Of ruine, or some blazing starre,  
 Else would I feele from that faire fire  
 Some heat to cherish my desire.

Say that her brests, though cold as snow,  
 Are hard as Marble, when I woot,  
 Else they would soften and relent  
 With sighs inflamed, from me sent.

Say that although like to the Moone,  
 She heavenly faire, yet chang'd as soone ;  
 Else she would constant once remaine,  
 Either to pity, or disdaine.

That so by one of them I might  
 Be kept alive, or murther'd quite ;  
 For 'tis lesse cruel there to kill,  
 Where life doth but increase the ill.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

19



F the quick spirit of your eye, now languish and a non must dye,

if every sweet & every grace must flye from thit forsaken face. Then Celia let us

reape our joyes, ere time such good ly fruit destroyes.

Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow  
If those bright Suns must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade,  
Then Celia feare not to bestow,  
What still being gather'd, still must grow.

Thus either time his sickle brings in vaine, or else in vaine his wings.

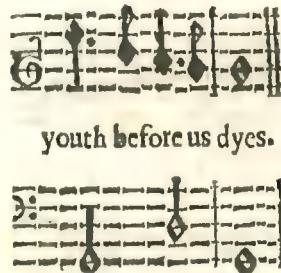
F 2

## Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Bassie Violl.



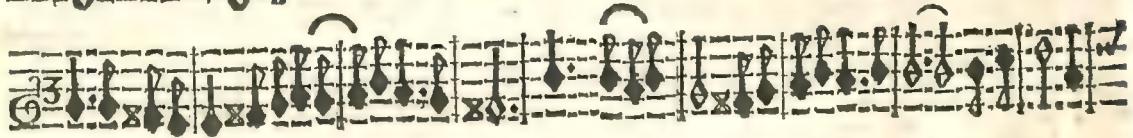
*Hilf, why should we de lay, pleasures shorter then the day, could we,*

*which we never can stretch our lives beyond three span, beauty like a shadow flies, and our*



*Or would Youth and Beauty stay,  
Love ha's wings, and will away ;  
Love ha's swifter wings then Time,  
Change in love too oft do's chime ;  
Gods that never change their state,  
Very oft their love and hate.*

*Phillis, to this truth we owe  
All the love betwixt us now ;  
Let not you and I require  
What ha's been our past desire ;  
On what Sheephards you have smil'd,  
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.*



*Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall heere af ter doe, for the joy we*



*now may prove take ad vice of present love.*



Ictorous beautie, though your eyes are able to subdue an host,

and there fore are un-like to boast the taking of a little prize, do not a single

I came alone, but yet so arm'd  
With former love, I durst have sworne  
That as that privy coat was worne,  
With characters of beauty charm'd,  
Thereby I might have scapt unarm'd.

heart dispise-

But neither steele, nor stony brasse  
Are proofes against those lookes of thine,  
Nor can a Beauty lesse divine,  
By any heart be long possest,  
Where you intend an interest:

The Conquest in regard of me,  
Alas! is small, but in respect  
Of her that did my Love protec't,  
Where it devulg'd, deserv'd to be  
Recorded for a Victory.

And such a one, as chance to view  
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,  
Though you have stol my heart away;  
If all your servants prove not true,  
May steale a heart or two from you.

Ow happy art thou and I that never knew how to love? there's no such

blessing heer beneath, what ere there is above; 'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, that a very wise man

Out, out upon those eyes, that thinke to murder mee,  
And he's an Asse believes her faire, that is not kinde and free:  
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet, to man, but liberty.

I'le tye my heart to none, nor yet confine mine eyes,  
But I will play my game so well, I'le never want a prize;  
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, ha's made me now thus wise.

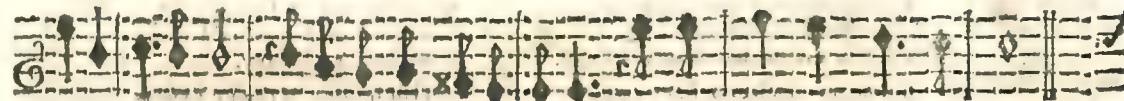
loves



Ay that sullen Garland by thee, keep it for th' Elizium shades, take my



wreath of lusty Ivy not of that faint mirtle made when I see thy soule descending, to that



cold unfertile plain, of sad fools the lake attending, thou shalt weare this Crowne ■ gain.



Now drink wine and know the ods, 'twixt that *Lesse*, 'twixt that *Lesse*, 'twixt that *Lesse*,



and the Gods.

Rouse thy dull and drowsie spirits,  
Here's the soule reviving stremes,  
The stupid Lovers braine inherits  
Nought but vain and empty dreames.

Thinke not thou these dismall trances,  
Which our raptures can content,  
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,  
Shall come soonest to his end



Cho. Sadnesse may some pitty move,  
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,  
Mirth and courage conquers love

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,  
Ope thou vainly crossed armes ;  
Thou mayst as wel cal back the buried  
As raise love by such like charmes.

Sacrifice ■ glasse of Clarret  
To each letter of her name  
Gods have oft descended for it  
Mortals must do more the same.

If she comes not at that flood,  
Sleepe will come, sleepe will come,  
Sleepe will come, and that's as good.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

23



Ain would I *Cloris* whom my heart a dores, longer & while between

thine armes remaine, but loc the jealous morn her Ro sie doors, to spight me ope's & brings the

day againe. Farewell, farewell, *Clo ris*, 'tis time I di'd, the night departs, yet still

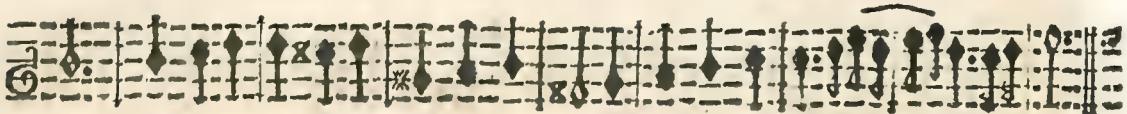
my woes a bide.

Hence saucy fleuring Candle of the Skies,  
Let us alone, we have no need of thee:  
Our eyes are ever day, where *Clories* eyes  
Shine, that a paire of brighter Tapers bee.  
Farewell, farewell, &c.

O night! whose sable vaile was wont to be  
More friend to Lovers, then the nicefull day:  
Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,  
And carry with thee all my joyes away.  
Farewell, farewell, &c.



Love a Lassie, but can not show it, I keep a fire that burns with



in rack't up in am bers; Ah could she know it, I might perhaps be lo v'd a gaine:



For a true love may justly call for friendship love recipro call.



Some gentle courteous windē betray me,  
A sigh by whispering in her eare.  
Or let some p̄tious shower convey me,  
By dropping on her breast a teare,  
Or two, or more, the hardest flint,  
By often drops receives a dinc.

Shall I then ren my heart and rend it,  
That is already too too weake?  
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,  
By writing what they cannot speake;  
Go then my muse, and let this verse  
Bring back my life, or else my Hearse.



*Loris, false love made Clora weepe,* and by a river side, her flock which

she was wont to keepe, neglecting thus she cry'd, Is't not Injust-ice O ye Gods to kin-

-dle my desire, and to leave his at so much ods, as there's no mutuall fire Poore victo ry

to pierce a heart, that was a tender one, but cowardise to spare your dart from his that was a stonc:

As she thus mourn'd, the teares that fell  
Downe from her love sick eyes,  
Did in the water drop and swell,  
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her bloubard face appeare,  
Now out alas sayd she,  
How doe I melt away in teares  
For him that loves not me.

Yet as I lessen multiply,  
But in lesse forme appeares,  
Thus doe I languish from mine eye,  
And grow new in my teares.

Breake not that Christall, circles me  
Sweet streames by your faire side,  
My Love perhaps may walking be,  
And I may be espi'd.

And thus in little drawne and drest  
In sad teares attire,  
May force such passions from his brest,  
Shall equall my desire.

Er't thou more fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of art,  
or hadst thou in thine eyes more darts, then ever Cupid shot at hearts, yet if they were not  
shot at me, I should not cast      thought on thee.

I'de rather marry a disease,  
Then court the thing I cannot please ;  
She that would cherish my desires  
Must court my flames with equall fires :  
What pleasure is there in a kisse  
To him that doubts the heart's not his ?

I love thee not because thou art faire,  
Softer then downe, smoother then ayre ;  
Not for the Cupids that lye  
In either corner of thine eye :  
Would you then know what it might be ?  
'Tis I love you, 'cause you love me.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

27



Tay, stay, O stay, that heart I vow 'tis mine, ravish'd from hence by



her whose parts divine, words cannot fully speak, now seeks her cure, whose only No, sent from her,



lips most pure, makes it thus range from me, woes me that Noe, lost me that heart, and fills its

343

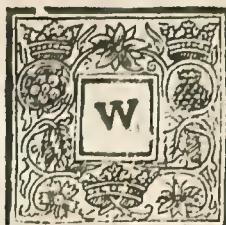
65



place with woe.



O hold it fast, I come, yet let it fly,  
I cannot move, 'tis pity both should dy ;  
Perhaps she may relent, and with one yes  
Give us a second life, treble our blisse :  
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd my eyes,  
Since thou art lost, sees thee her sacrifice.



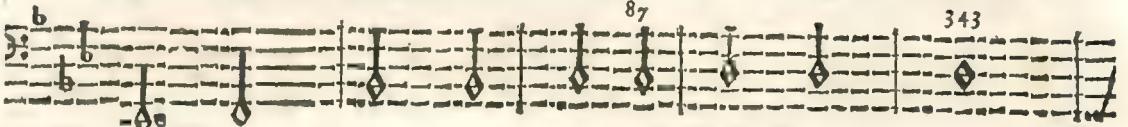
Ake my *Adonis*, doe not dye, one life's enough for thee and I,



where are thy looks, thy wiles, thy feares, thy frowns, thy smiles, alas in vain I call, one



death hath snatcht them all, yet death's not deadly in that face, death in those looks it self hath



grace, 'twas this, 'twas this I fear'd, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I presag'd, when



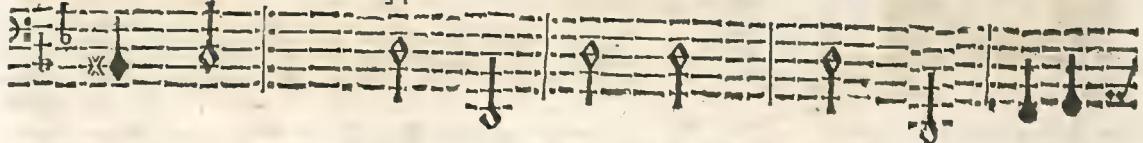
chun- - de-ring *Love*, tore the best mirth in my grove, when my sick rose buds





lost their smell, & from my temples untouched fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first

34



hung her wing. Whicher art thou my Deity gone? *Venus* in *Venus* there is none: in vain a



Godes now am I, only to grieve & not to dye: but I will love my grieve, make tears my tears re-

76

3

4567



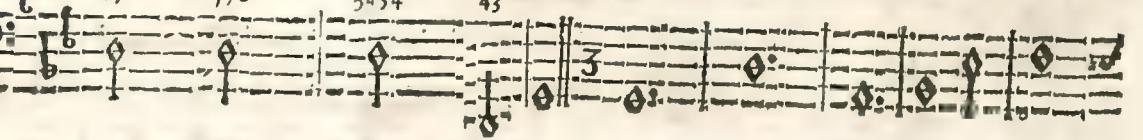
-lief, & sorrow shall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the fates shan't rob me of whilst I a

87

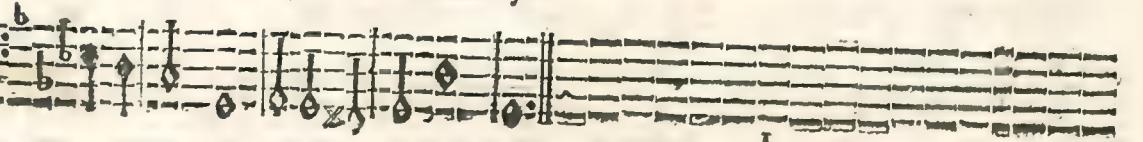
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43



Godes am to grieve, and not to dye.





Right *Aurelia*, I doe owe, all the woe I can know, to those glorious

looks alone, though you are unrelenting stone, the quick lightning from your eyes, did sacri-

fice, my unwise, my un-wa-ry, harmles heart, and now you glory in my smart.

How unjustly you doe blame  
That pure flame,  
From you came,  
Vext with what your selfe mad'e burne,  
Your scorns to tinder did it turne.

The least sparke now love can call,  
That does fall  
On the small,  
Scorch't remainder of my heart,  
Will make it burne in every part.



Ever perswade me to't, I vow I live not, how canst thou expect a

I fe in m', since my soule is fled to thee. You suppose because I walk, & you think talk, I therfore

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Viol.

31

breath, ala you know shades as well as men do so.

You may argue I have heate,  
My pulses beate,  
My sighes have in them living fire,  
And my eyes sparke with desire.

Grant your argument be truth,  
Such heats my youth  
Enflame, as poysons do only prepare  
To make death their follower.

Truth, such heats my youth en

Ow am I chang'd from what I was, before I saw those eyes? I had a

heart, but now alas, that room is fil'd with sighs; for she that rob'd me would not stay to let

me ask her why she stol't, or beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply?

Thus am I left to court my griefe,  
For when she's out of sight,  
There can on earth be no relief,  
Or ought that's true delight.

I'le therefore on some River side,  
Wander to breath my woe,  
And aske those Nymphs how *Hylas* dy'd,  
That I might doc so too.

Ine love hath in thine and mine eye kindled a holy flame, what pity  
 67 67  
 'twere to let it dye, what sin to quench the same. The stars that seem extinct by  
 day, disclose their flames at night, & in a sable sense con vey their loves in beams of light.

So when the jealous eye and eare  
 Are shut or turn'd aside,  
 Our tongues, our eyes, may talke sans feare  
 Of being heard or spi'd.  
 What though our bodies cannot meet  
 Loves fewels more divine,  
 The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,  
 And yet they never joyne?  
 False Meateors that do change their place,  
 Though they shine faire and bright;  
 Yet when they covet to embrace,  
 Fall downe and lose their light.

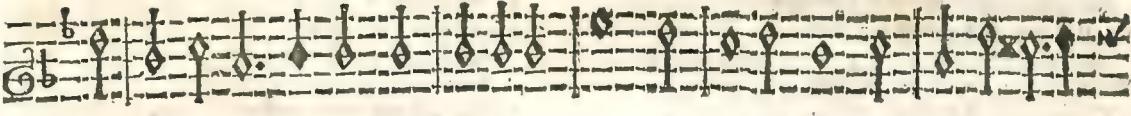
If thou perceive thy flame decay,  
 Come light thine eyes at mine,  
 And when I feele mine waft away,  
 I'le take new fire from thine:  
 Thus while we shall preserve from waft  
 The flame of our desire,  
 No Vestall shall maintaine more chaff,  
 Or more immortall fire.



Bout the sweet bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell at odds, and whose



the pritty prize should bee, they vow'd to aske the Gods, which *Venus* hearing thither came,



& for their boldnes stript them, and taking thence from each his flame, with rods of mirtle



whipt them, which love to still their wanton cries, & quiet grown shad seen them, she



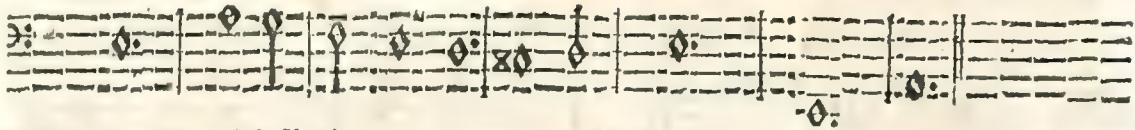
kist and dry'd their dove-like eyes, and gave the bag between them.



Lori, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I heer do stye,



thine eyes preuale up-on me so, I shall grow blind and loose my way.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth  
Among the rest me hither brought,  
Finding this fame fall short of trueth,  
Made me stay longer then I thought.  
For I'm engag'd by word and oath  
A servant to anothers will;  
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,  
Could I be sure to keepe it still.  
But what assurance can I take,  
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,  
For some more worthy Lovers sake,  
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

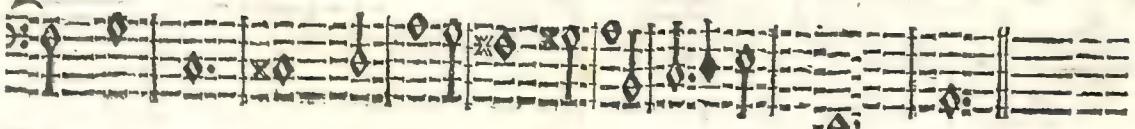
For thou may'st say twis not thy fault  
That thou didst thus unconstant prove;  
Thou were by my example taught  
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.  
No CLORIS, no, I will returne,  
And raise thy story to that height,  
That strangers shall at distance burne,  
And she distruske Reprobate.  
Then shall my love this doubt displice,  
And gaue such trust, that I may come  
And banquet sometimes on thy face,  
But mak my constant meales at home.



Et not thy beau-ty make thee proud though Prin-ces



do adore thee, since time & sicknes were alow'd to mow such flowers before thee.

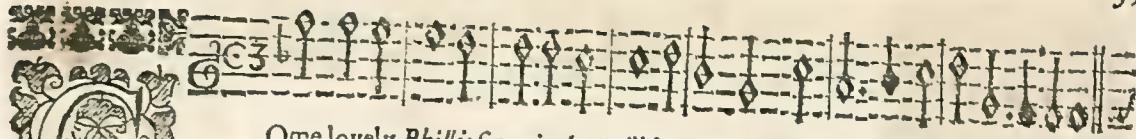


Nor be not shy to that degree,  
Thy friends may hardly know thee,  
Nor yet so comming or so free,  
That every fly may blow thee.  
A state in every Princely brow,  
As decent is requir'd,  
Much more in thine, to whom they bow  
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt  
With an attractive mildnesse;  
It may like Vertue sit betwixt  
The extremes of pride and vilenesse.  
Then every eyes that see thy face  
Will in thy Beauty glory,  
And every tongue that wags will grace  
Thy vertue with a story.

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

35



Ome lovely *Phillis*, since it thy will is, to crown thy *Corridon* with daffidiles.  
With many kisses, as sweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy Blises.

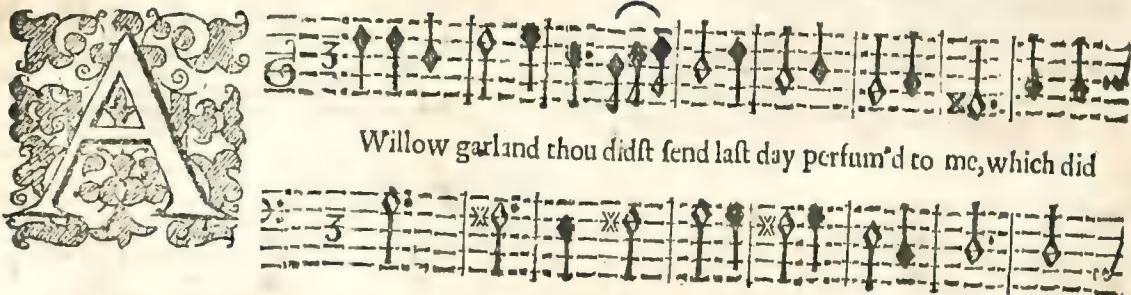


Heer I will hold thee, and thus enfold thee, free from harms within these armes.



Sweet, still besmiling, 'tis sweet beguiling  
Of tedious houres and sorrows best exiling;  
For if you lowre, the bankes no power  
Will have to bring forth auy pleasant flower;  
Your eyes not granting  
Their raiers enchanting,  
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vainc.

Thine eyes may wonder, that mine asunder  
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;  
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,  
Where not to be so, youth were rather shami'd:  
Since that the oldest  
That thou beholdest  
May feele fire of loves desire.



Willow garland thou didst send last day perfum'd to me, which did



but only this pretend, I was for... sooke of thee.



Since thus it is, I'le tell thee what,  
To morrow thou shalt see  
Me weare the Willow, after that  
To dye upon the tree.

As Beasts unto the Altar go  
With Garlands, so I  
Will with my Willow wreath also  
Come forth, and sweetly dye.

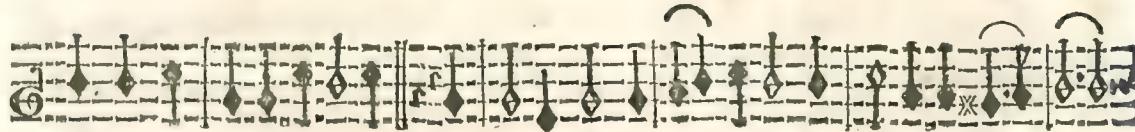
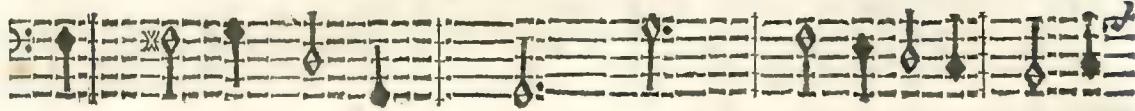
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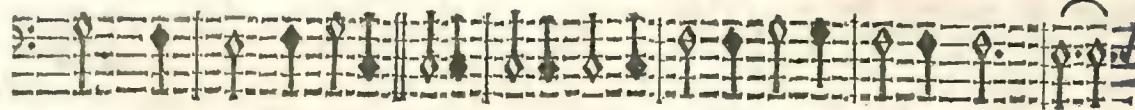
Ittle love serves my turn, 'tis so en- -flaming, rather then I will  
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amo-



burn, I will leave ga- -ming, for when I think upon't, O 'tis so painfull, 'cause Ladies  
rous pangs, no more heart breaking: those that nere felt the smart, let them go try it, I have re-



have a trick, to be disdainfull.  
-deem'd my heart, now I de-fie it. No more, no more, I must give o're for beauty is so sweet,



it makes me pine, distracts my mind, & surfeit when I see't. Forgive me love if I remove



in to some o- -ther sphear, where I may keep a flock of sheep, & know no o- -ther care.



F I N I S.



Y all thy Glories willingly I go, yet could have wish'd thee



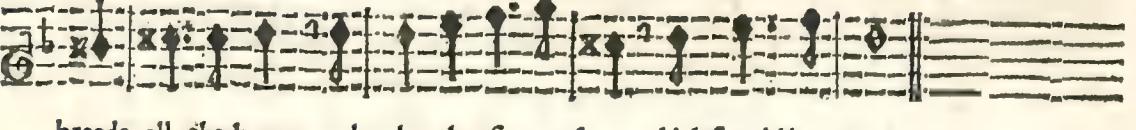
constant in thy love, but since thou needs must prove uncertainte as is thy beauty, or as the



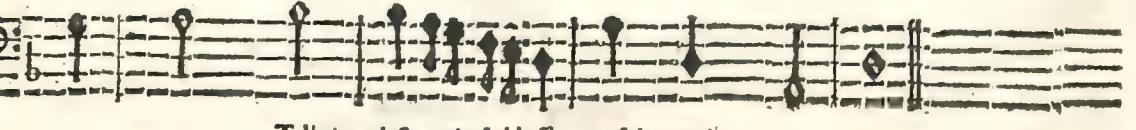
glasce that shewes it thee, my hopes thus soone to overthrow, shows thee more fickle; but my



flames by this are easier quencht then his, whom flattering smiles betray, 'tis tyrannous delay



breeds all the harme, and makes that fire consume, which should but warme.



Till time destroy those bl somes of thy youth,  
Thou art our Idoll worship, at that rate,

But who can tell thy face?

And say that when this beauties done,  
This Lovers torch shall still burne on;  
I could have serv'd thee with such truth  
Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saines doe show,

Departed long agoe;

And at this ebb ng tyde

Have us'd thee as a Br de,

Whose only true

Whilst you are faire, he loves himselfe, not you.

## Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

O, no, faire Heretick, it cannot be, but an ill love in me, and  
 worse for thee; for were it in my pow'r to love thee now this hour, more then I did the  
 last, 'twould then so fall, I might not love at all: Love that can flow and can admit encrease,  
 admits as well an eb, and may grow leſſe.

True love is still the ſame  
 The Torrid Zones,  
 And thoſe more frigid ones  
 It muſt not know:  
 For love growne cold, or hot  
 Is luſt and friendſhip, not  
 The thing we have, for that's a flame wou'd dye,  
 Held downe, or up too high;  
 Then thinke I love, more then I can exprefſe,  
 And would love more, could I but love thee leſſe.



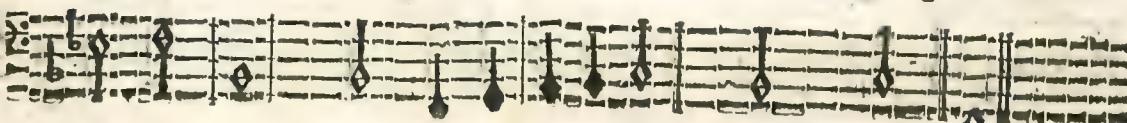
Eauty and Love once fell at odds, and thus revil'd each other. Quoth Love,



I am one of the Gods, and you wait on my mother, thou hast no pow'r o're man at all, but



what I gave to thee ; nor art thou longer faire or sweet, then men acknowledge me.



Away fond boy, then Beauty sayd,  
We see that thou art blinde,  
But men have knowing eyes, and can  
My graces better finde :  
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,  
And cal'd thee blinde desire ;  
I made thy Arrows, and thy bow,  
And Wings to kindle fire.

Love heere in anger flew away,  
And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd  
That he would tip his shaftes with scorne,  
To punish this proud Mayd :  
So Beauty ever since hath bin  
But courted for an houre,  
To love a day is now a sin  
'Gainst Cupid and his power.



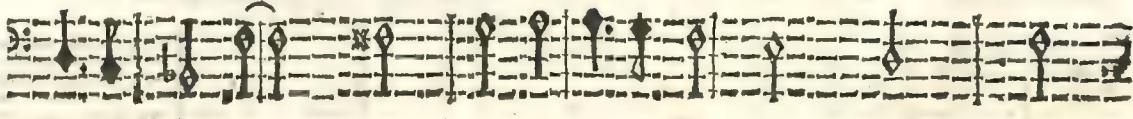
O, go, and bestride the southern wind, fly, O forlorn! nor look be-



- hind, till thou the glazed Ocean hast past and climes unknowne to man, layd on a snow-rais'd



mountain, bare the bosome to the freezing ayre; and if those colds be not so great to quench, but



they thaw with thy heat, her far more cold disdaine apply thine owne dispaire and will to dye,



and when by these congeal'd to stone, then will her heart and thine be one.



Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

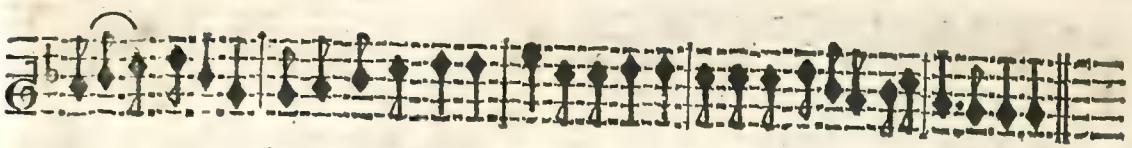
41



ug-gi, fuggi, fuggi, da lieti amanti empia donna cagion depi-



anti. Che non gia per essere Crudele ma per essere ingrata & infidele ogni core



t'ha ni borrore, fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, che chiti mira perche vivi peange e sos pira



Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace feria  
Frede in fernale empia ma gera  
Che se bene hai di Donna l'aspetto  
Di furia un core nascendi nel petto.  
Tutta danno tutt'inganno  
Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ogn un che t'ama  
Il tuo ben piange, è il tuo mal brama

M

42 A Glee, with Chorus for three voyces, to sing between every verse.  
Cantus Chorus.

Tenor.      **T**O Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, With wine and mirth  
assus.      **T**O Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with wine & mirth with we're conjure,  
**T**O Bacchus, to Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing, with wine & mirth we're conjure  
we're conjure him, we're conjure him, with wine and mirth we're conjure him.

we're conjure him, we're conjure him, with wine and mirth we're conjure him  
we're conjure him, we're conjure him with wine and mirth we're conjure him.

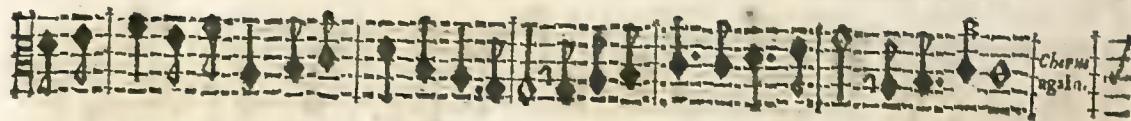
Verse.

**B**y his mothers eye, and his fathers thigh, by her God brought to light, & his too glorious  
sight, by Junoes deceit, and by thy sad retreat, appear, appear, appear, appear, in bottles heere.

**B**Y Ariadnes wrongs & the false youths harms, by the rock in his breast, & her tears so opprest,

A Glee, with *Chorus* for three voyces, to sing between every verse.

43



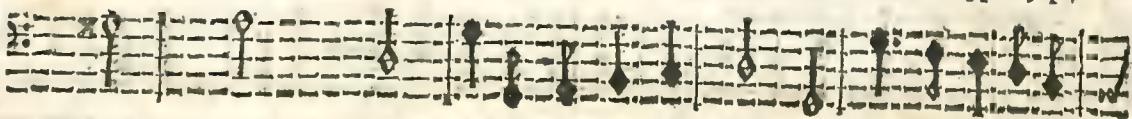
by the beauty she fled, & the pleasures of a bed, appear, appear, appear, appear, in botles heer.



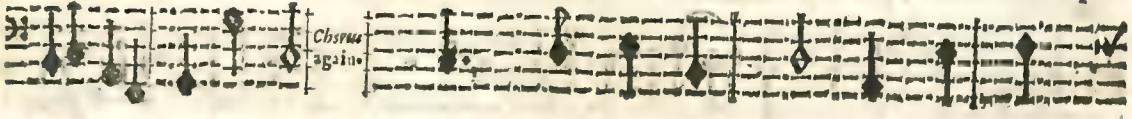
BY this purple wine thus pour'd on the Shirin, & by this beer glasse to the next kind Lasse, by



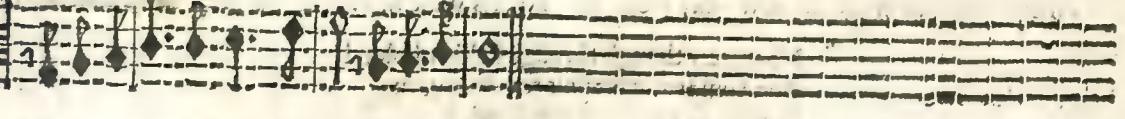
Girle twice nine, that will clasp like a Vine, that will clasp thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-



-pear, appear, in botles heer. BY the men thou'lt won & the women undon, by the friendship



thou hast made, & the secrets betray'd, by the power over sorrow, thus charm'd till to morrow,



appear, appear, appear, appear, in botles heer.

*Chorus* again.





Vench, quench, in sprightly wine your griefe, 'tis the true Pro-

methean fire, such as gives sad souls relief, chears & strengthens, chears & strengthens quick de-

Cho.

fire, let's sup then, till the world flye round about as the glass & the

Cho.

our cup then, till the world flye round about, round about as the glass & the flam

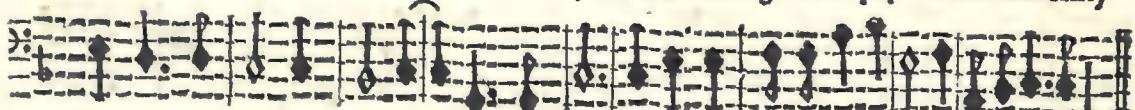
Cho.

let's sup then, our cup then, till the world flye round about, round about as the glass & the

flame from our eye, strike new day from the sky, 'tis wine must give us Immortality



& the flam from our eye, strik new day from the sky, 'tis wine must give 'tis us Immortality



flame from our eye, strike new day from the sky, 'tis wine must give, 'tis us Immortali-ty.

No matter though through fields of blood  
The Souldier 'gainst his foe doe swim;  
If when he hath past that flood,  
His cup doth flow, up to the brim.  
Let's sup then, &c.

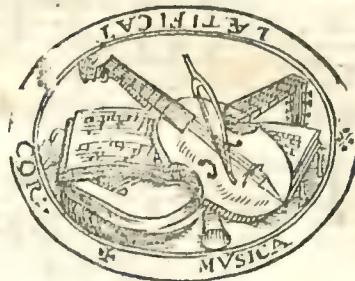
F I N I S.

The Second Booke  
O F  
**AYRES,**  
*Containing Pastorall*  
**DIALOGUES**  
For two Voyces, to sing either to the Theor-  
bo, Harpsicon, or Basse Violl.  
Also short Ayres for three Voyces, with a thorow  
BASS E.

---

Composed by many Excellent Masters in *MUSICK*,  
now living.

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L O N D O N ,

Printed by Thomas Harper, for John Playford, and are to bee  
sold at his Shop, in the Inner Temple, 1652.

## Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.



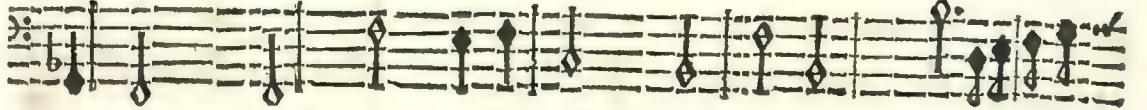
Prethe keep my sheep for me *Corillo*, wilt thou tell? First



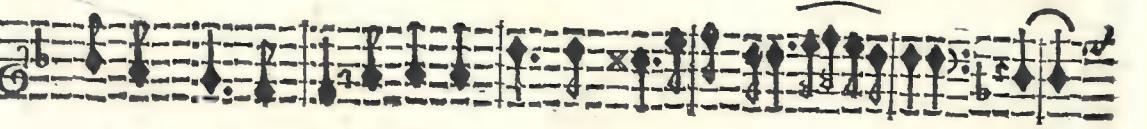
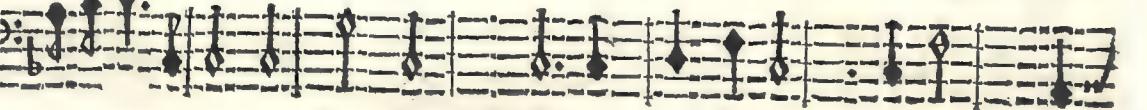
let me have a kisse of thee and I will keep them well, if thou a while but to my



little flock will look, thou shalt have this imbrodred skrip & silver hook. No other favour



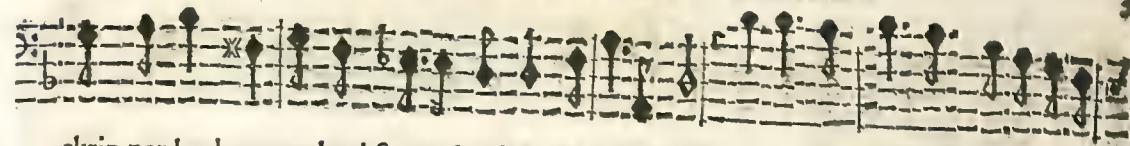
or reward I crave, but one poor kisse. A kisse thou must not have. And why? Such in-



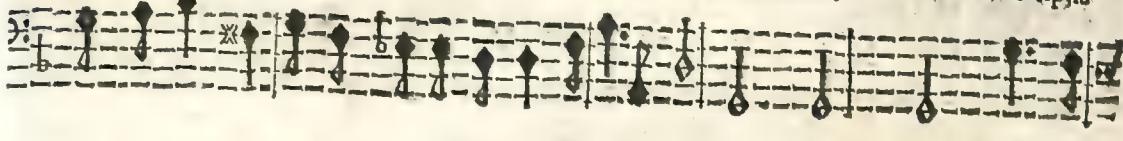
-ticments maids must fly, this Garland thou shalt have of Roses & of Lil - lies. Nor



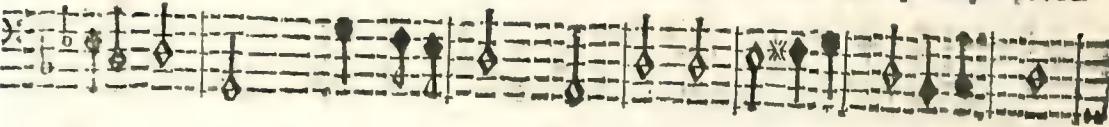
Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.



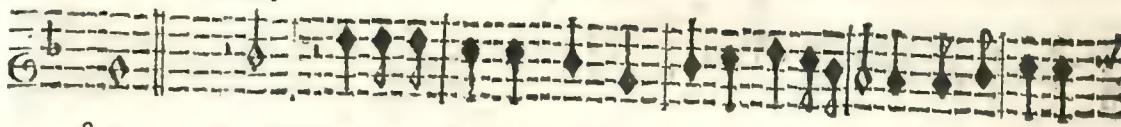
skrip, nor hook, nor garland sweetest *Philia*, doe I require, to kisse thy fresh and rosie lip, is



only my desire. Take then a kisse, and let me go, til I return, thy care upon my flocks be-



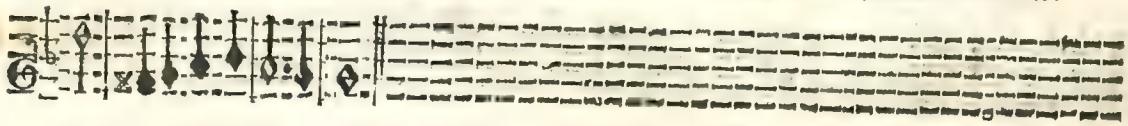
Cho.



-slow. Sweet, sweet is that kisse, that doth with true and just de-sire, as much a-nother  
Cho.



Sweet, sweet is that kisse, that doth with true and just de-sire, as much a-nother



give, as to it selfe require.



give, as to it selfe require.

Mr. Nich. Lancare.

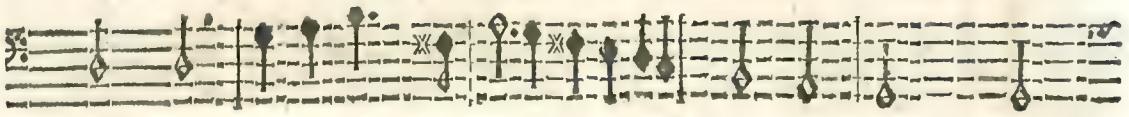
Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.



Heephard in faith I cannot stay, my wandring flocks call me away.



*Philia*, I swear since I have caught thee now upon thy rosie lips, I'le pay my vow. Who lives in



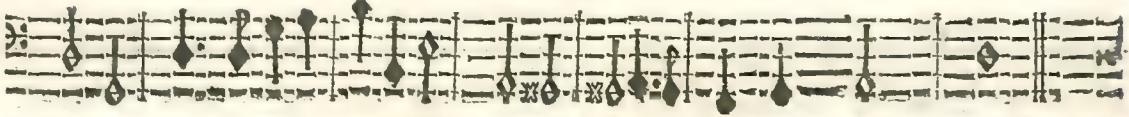
love, may not by force constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain I prethe,



*Stephen* leave me. Dear *Phillis* leave to contemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my



self defend. Vain is all defence & art. Cruel, cruel, thou do'st of breath bereave me.



Pastorall Dialogues for a Basse and Treble.

5

Cho.



Since I have thee ere I part, I'le smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy

Cho.



Since I have thee ere I part, I'le smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a

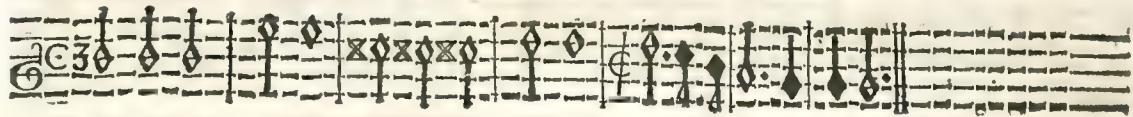


lips, a thousand such as this is

Thus *Strephon* bold layd downe his lovely *Phillis*.



thousand, thousand such as this is.



And kist her breath lesse, and kist her breath lesse upon a bank of Lillies,



Mr. Rich. Lanneare.



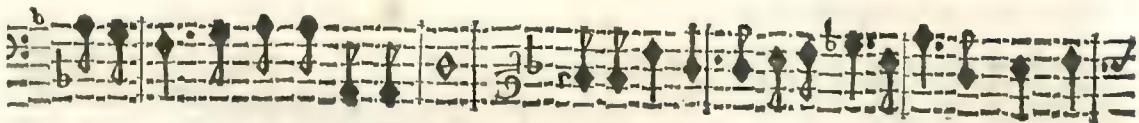
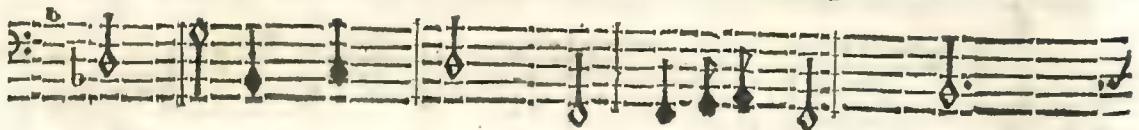
Pastorall Dialogues for a Basse and Treble.



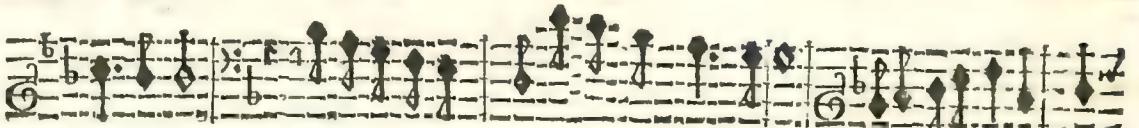
Ome my *Daphne*, come away, we do wast the christal day. Tis.



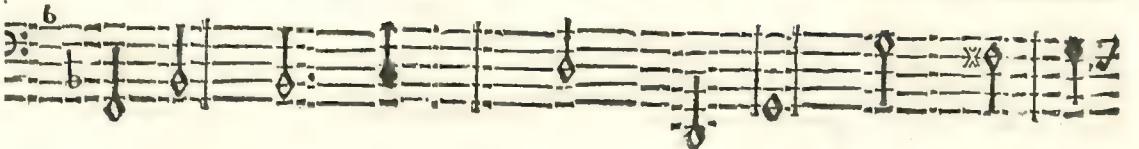
*Strephon* cals, what would my love? Come follow to the mirtle grove, where *Venus*



I shal prepare new chaplets for thy haire. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to



follow thee My Sheperdes, make haste the minutes slide so fast! In those cooler shades



will I blind as Cupid kisse your eye. In thy bosome then I'll stray, in such warm snow, who



Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.  
Cho.

7



would not loose his way. We'll laugh and leave this world behinde, and Gods

Cho.



We'll laugh and leave this world behinde, and Gods



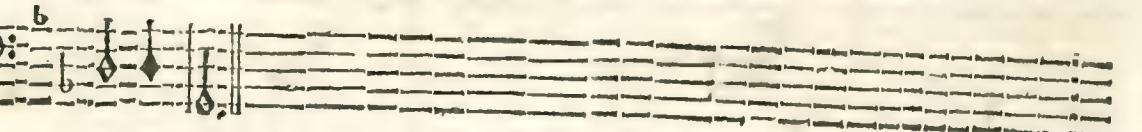
themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such joyes when they embrace



themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such joyes when they embrace

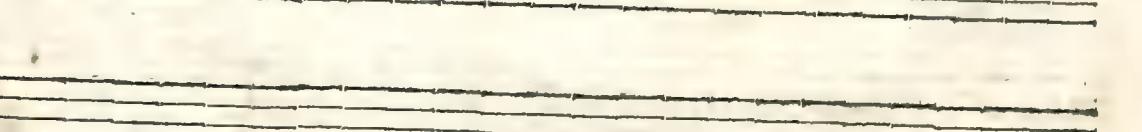
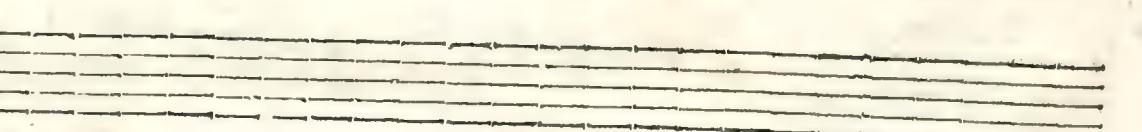
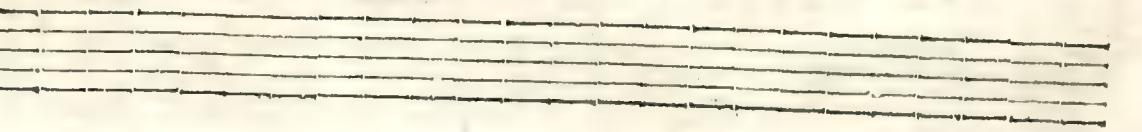


a Die- -ty.

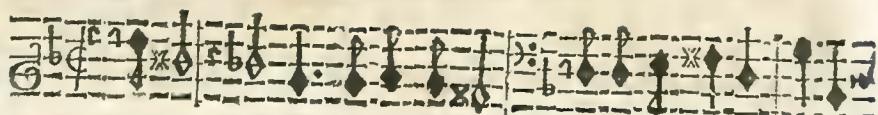


Die- -ty.

Mr. William Lawes.



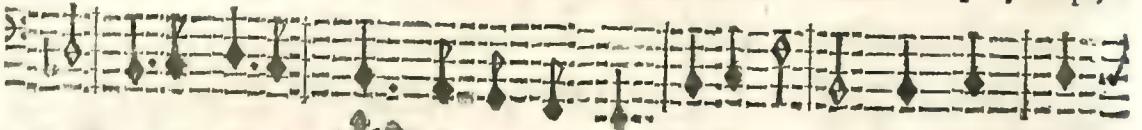
## Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.



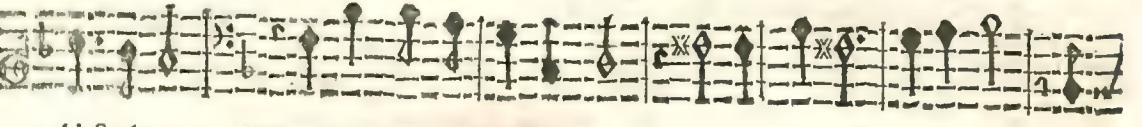
Or beare fond swain, I cannot love. I prethe faire one, tell me



why thou art so cold? You do but move to take a way my liberty. I'll keep thy sheepe,



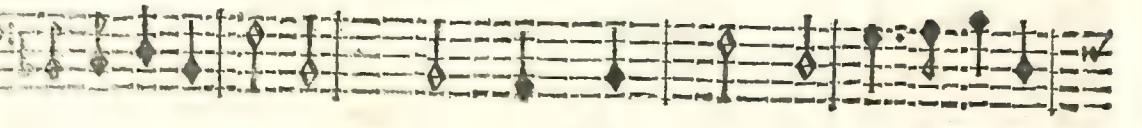
whilst thou shalt play. Delight shall make each month May. Those pleasant are un-



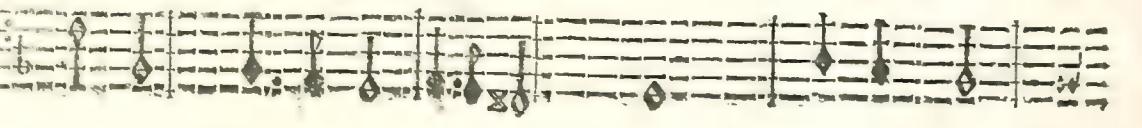
-thirsty houres. Thou shalt have the choycest flowers, wax and Hony, milk & woole, of



ripest fruits thy belly full. My flocks I'll keep by thine. Not so, but let them undi-

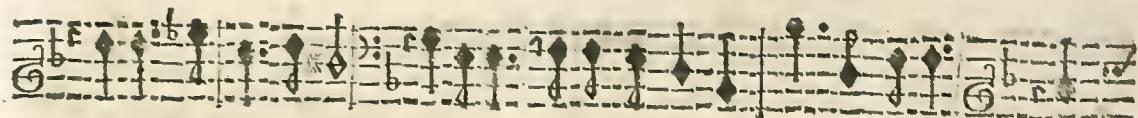


-stinguisht go. I can afford no more. Ah cease. Love come so far may yet encrease.

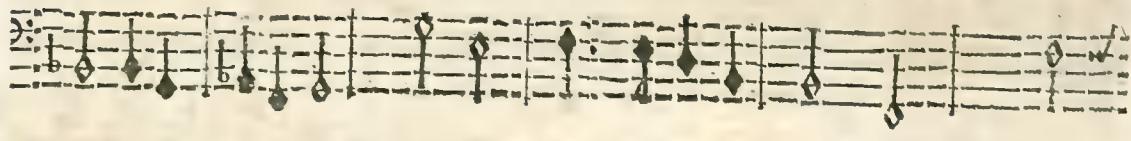


Pastorall Dialogues for a Basse and Treble.

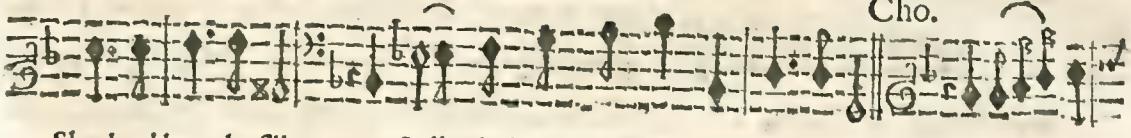
9



Each day I'le grant a kisse. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then

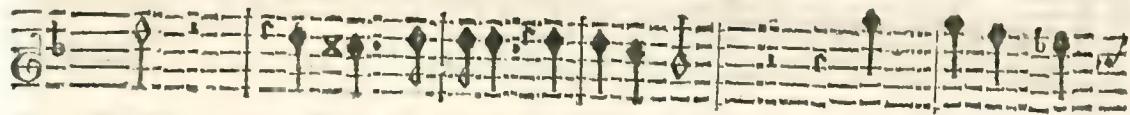


Cho.



Shephard love thy fill. I shall who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we

Cho.



both our flocks up hither, that we may pitch. That we may pitch



Then draw we both our flocks up hither. That we may pitch that we may pitch



our folds together. A midst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blame-



our folds together. A midst our chaste imbracements meet Our selves as



-leffe as our sheep, our selves as blameleffe as our sheep.



blameleffe as our sheep. Our selves as blameleffe as our sheep.

B b

Mr. William Caesar, alias Smegergill.

## Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.

**D**ear *Silvia*, let thy *Tbris* know, what 'tis that makes those tears ore  
flow. Are the Kids that us'd to play, and skip so nimblly gone alray? Are *Cloris* flowers more  
fresh & green? Or is some other Nymph made Queen? *Tbris*, do'st thou think that  
I can grieve for this when thou art by? What is it then? My father bids that  
I no longer feed my Kids with thine, but *Coridons*, and weare none but his garlands on my  
haire. Why so? Why so my *Silvia*? Wil he keep thy flocks more safe when thou do'st

Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.

ii



Sleep? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise, when chanted with his round delies? No

Thirſſ I my flocks must joyn with his, 'cause they are more then thine.

Fathers cruel as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their flocks, their flocks,

Rocks, cruel as the rocks, join not their children, but their flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen*

and *Hymen* cals to light his torches there, and *Hymen* cals to light his torches

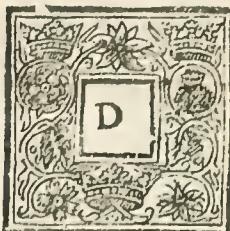
cals, *Hymen* cals to light his torches there, and *Hymen* cals, and *Hymen* cals to light his torches

there, where fortune, not affections equall are,

there, where fortune, not affections equall are;

Charles Colman, Dr. in Musick;

## Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.



If not you once *Lucinda* vow you would love none but me?

I

but my mother tells me now I must love wealth, not thee: 'Tis not my fault my sheep are

lean, or that they are so few, Nor mine I cannot love so mean, so poor a thing as you:

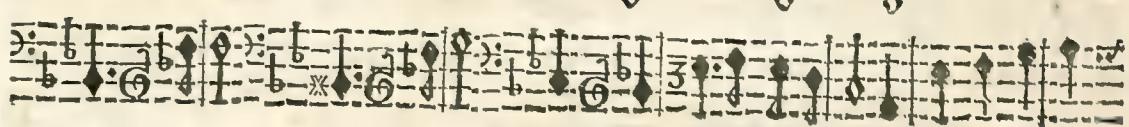
Cruel, cruel thy love is in thy power fortune is not in mine. But shepherd think how

great my dower is in respect of thine Ah me, ah me, Ah me, Mock you my

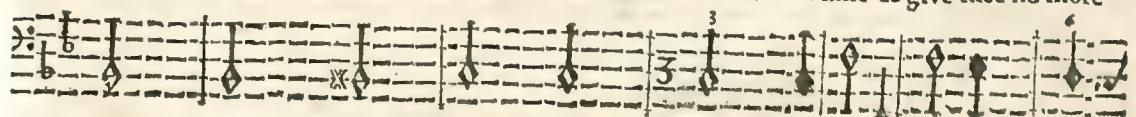
grief. I pity thy hard fate. Pity for love is poor, relief is poor, relief is poor re-



-lief, I'd rather chuse thy hate. But I must love thee. No. But I must love thee.



No. believe. No. Believe. No. He seale it with a kisse & give thee no more



cause to grieve, then what thou findst in this, I'lle give thee no more cause to grieve, then



Cho.



what thou findst in this. Be witnes then, be witnes then, you powers above, & by these



Be witnes then, be witnes then, you powers above, & by these



holy bands let it appear that truest love grows not on wealth, grows



holy bands let it appear that truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows



not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth nor lands.



not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth nor lands.

Dr. Ch. Colman.  
Cc

*Occasioned by the death of the yong Lord Hastings, Heire apparent to the Earle of Hunting-ton, who dyed some few dayes before he was to have been marryed to Sir Theodore Meiherns Daughter, in June, 1649.*



Charon, O Charon, draw thy boat to'th shore and to thy many, take in

234

one soule more. Who cals, who cals? One or'e whelm'd with ruth, have pirty either on my

tears or youth, and take me in a Virgin in distresse, but first cast off thy wonted churlishnesse.

I'd be as gentle as that Ayre which yields a breath of balm a long the Elizium fields tell what

thou art. A mayd that had a Love r then, which thy selfe ne're wafted sweeter over, he was-

Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass & Treble.

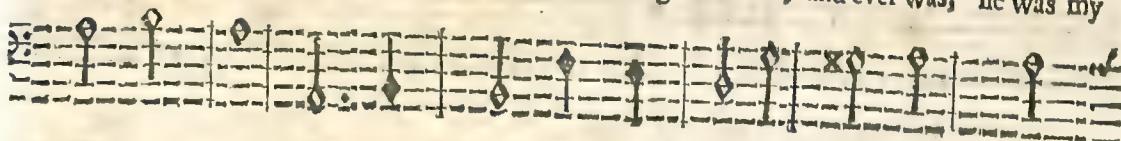
15



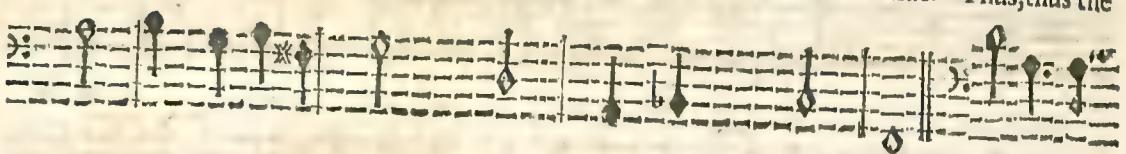
Say what. Ah me, my woes are deep. Prethe relate while I give eare & weep. Hastings,



Hastings, was his name, and that one name has in it all good that is, and ever was, he was my



life, my joy, my love, but dy'd, some houres before I should have been his Bride. Thus, thus the



Gods celestiall still decree to humane joyes contingent mi-se-ry.



Gods celestiall still decree to humane joyes, to humane joyes, coingent mi- se-ry.

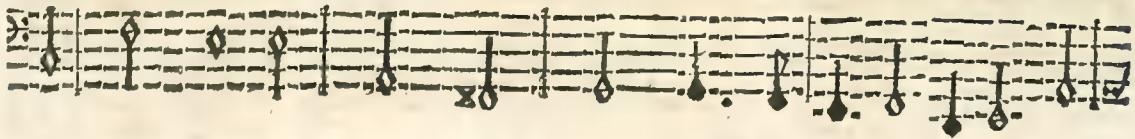


The hallow'd Tapers all prepared were, and Hymen cal'd to blesse the Rites, stop there,

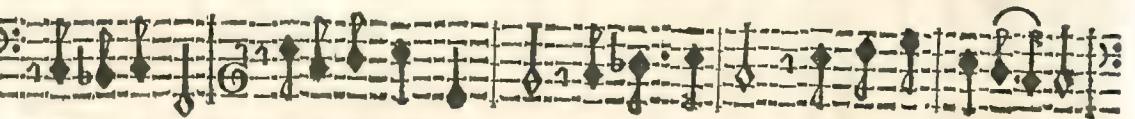
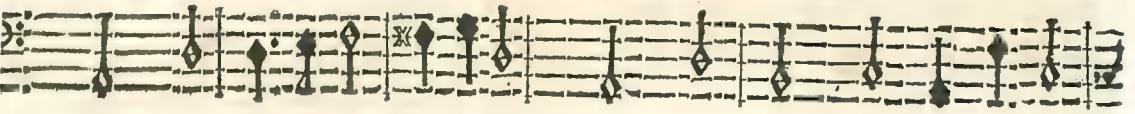




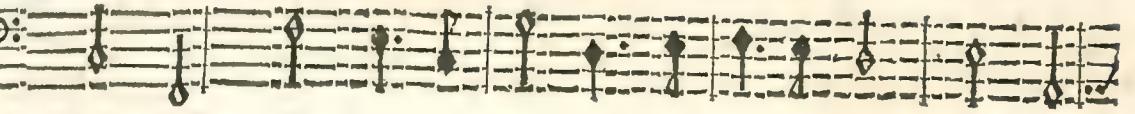
great are my woes. And great must that griefe be which makes grim *Charon* here to pitty thee,



but now come in. More I would yet relate. I cannot stay, more soules for wafting, wait,



and I must hence. Yet let me thus much know departing hence, where good & bad soules go.



Those soules which nere were drencht in pleasures streams, the fields of *Pluto* are reserv'd for them,



where dreft with garlands there they walk the ground whose blessed youth with endlesse flowers is



Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass and Treble.

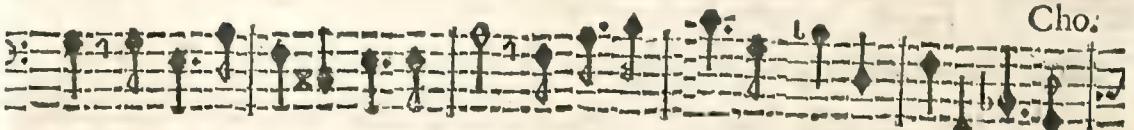
17



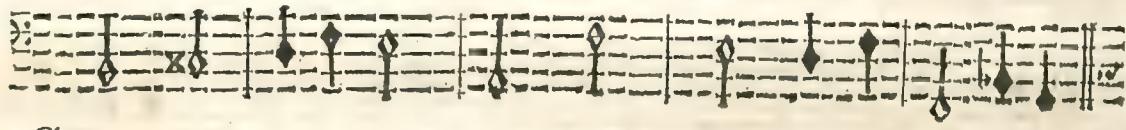
crown'd but such as have been drown'd in this wild sea, for those is kept the gulph of *Hecate*,



wherewith there owne contagion they are fed, and there do punish, and are punished. This



know, the rest of thy sad story tell, when on the flood that nine times circles hell, we.



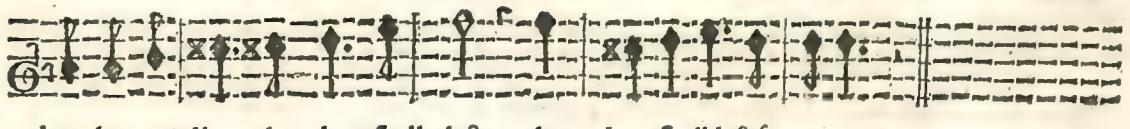
Cho.



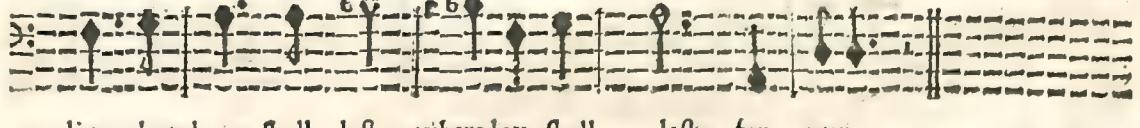
We sayl from hence, we sayle from hence to vi-sit mor-tals never,



sayle We sayle from hence, we sayle from hence to vi-sit mortals never, but there to



but there to live where love shall last, where love shall last for ever



live where love shall last, where love shall last for ever.

Dd Mr. Henry Lawes.



Haron, O gentle Charon, let me woo thee with tears, & pity now to

come unto me. What voyce so sweet & charming do I hear? say what thou art? I prethe

first draw near. A sound I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art. O Charon,

pity me! I am a shade, & though no name I tell, my mournful voyce wil say I'm Philemon.

What's that to me? I waft, nor fish, nor fowle, nor beast, fond thing, but only humane soules:

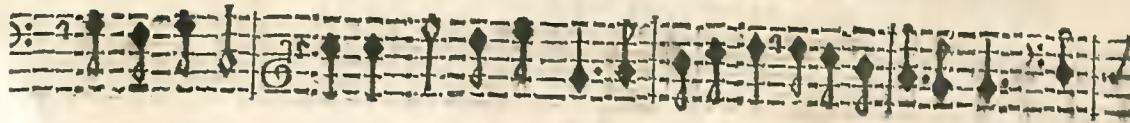
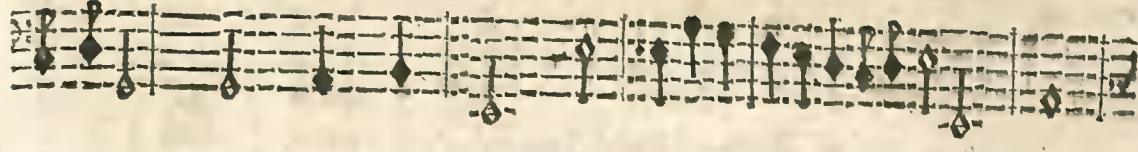
Alas for me. Shame on thy warbling note, that made me hoise my saile, & bring my boat, but

Pastorall Dialogues for a Bass & Treble.

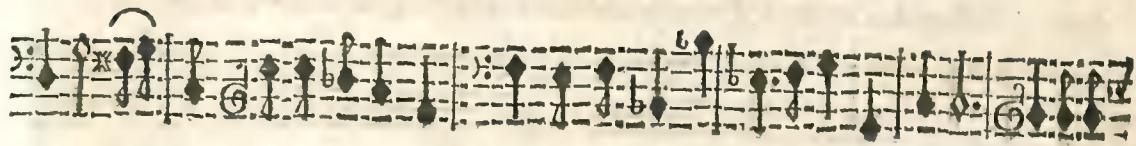
19



I'le return: what mischief brought thee hither? A deal of love, and much, much grief together:



What's thy request? That since she's now beneath that fed my life, I follow her in death. And's



that all, I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of love, all pray, but no souls pay me. I'le give the



sighs & tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sayls or mending boat or oars? I'le beg ■



penny, or I'le sing so long till thou shalt say I'ave paid thee in a song. Why then begin :



D d 2

Vert. fol.

## Pastorall Dialogues for a Bassle and Treble.

Cho.



And all the while we make our floathfull passage or'e the Stygian Lake, thou and I'le

Cho.



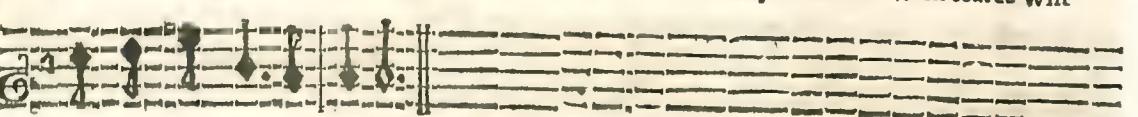
And all the while we make our floathfull passage or'e the Stygian, Lake



sing, thou and I'le sing to make these dull shades merry, who else with tears



thou and I'le sing, thou and I'le sing to make these dull shades merry, who else with teares will

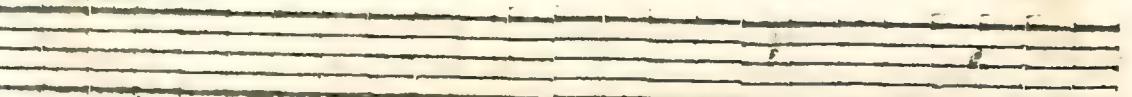
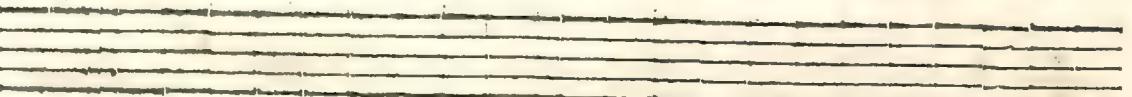
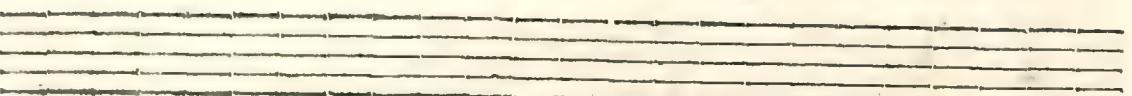


will doubtles drown our ferry.



doubt- - les drown our ferry.

Mr. William Lawes.

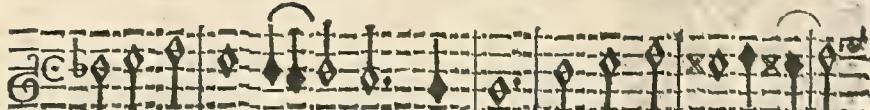


*Heere beginneth short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces, both easie and delightfull  
for all Practitioners in Musick.*

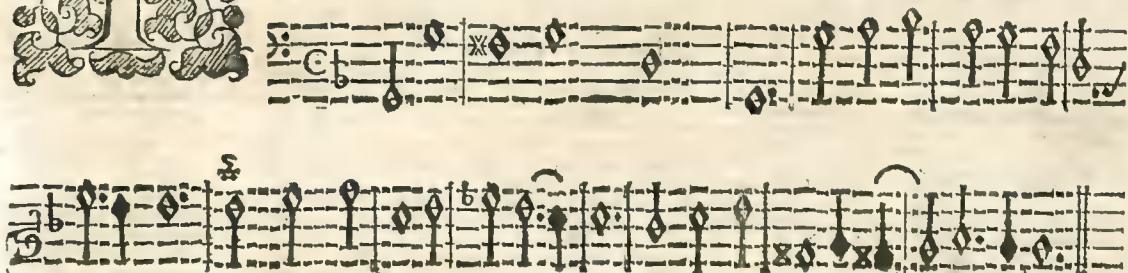
*a. 3. Voc.*

*Cantus Primus.*

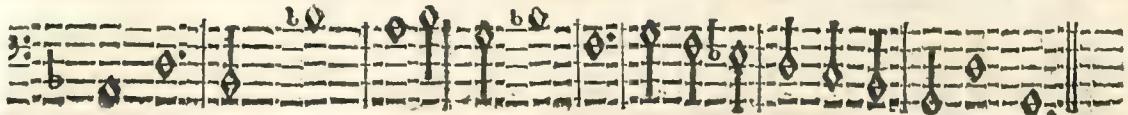
*Mr William Webb.*



Wish no more thou shouldest love me, my joyes are full in



loving thee, my heart's too narrow to containe my bliss, if thou shouldest love againe.



my heart's too narrow to containe my bliss, if thou shouldest love againe



With no more thou shouldest love me, my joyes are full in loving thee,

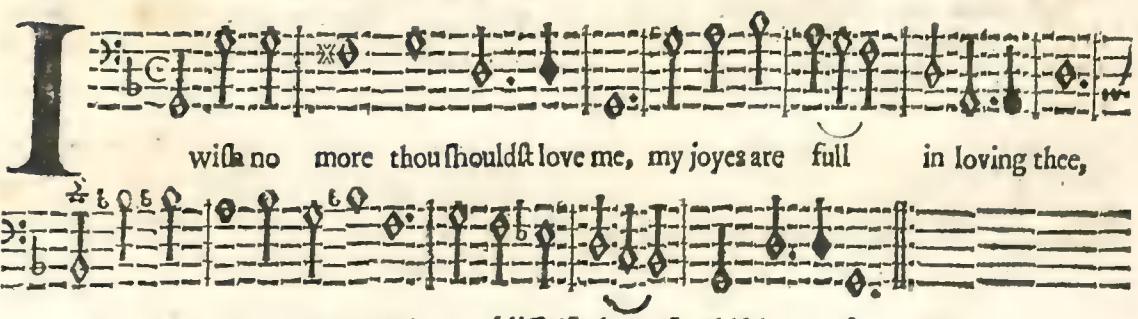


*Cantus Secundus.*

*a. 3. Voc.*

*a. 3. Voc.*

*Bassus.*



wish no more thou shouldest love me, my joyes are full in loving thee,



my heart's too narrow to containe my bliss, if thou shouldest love againe.

*E c*

*Mr William Webb.*

## Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.



Ong & simple though I am, I have heard of Cupids name, gues I can

what thing it is, men desire when they do kisse, smoke can never burn they say, but the flames  
that follow may, but the flames that follow may.

I am not so fond, so fair,  
To be proud, or to despair ;  
Yet my lips have oft observ'd,  
Men that kisse them presse too hard,  
As glad Lovers use to doe,  
When their new met Loves they woe.

Faith 'tis but a foolish minde,  
Yet me thinkes a heat I finde,  
And thirsty longing that doth bide  
Ever on the weaker side :  
O I feele my heart doth move,  
VENUS grant it be not love.

If it be a lassle, what then,  
Were not women made for men ?  
As good it were a thing were past,  
That must needs be done at last :  
Roses that are overblowne,  
Grow lesse sweet, and fall alone.

Yet no Churle or silken Gull  
Shall my Virgin Blossom pull,  
Who shall not, I soone can tell,  
Who shall, would I could as well :  
Yet I'm sure what ere he be,  
Love he must, or flatter me.

Mr. Nicholas Lanneare.

Follow may, but the flames that follow may.

thing it is, men desire when they do kisse, smoak can never burn they say, but the flames that  
Ong and simple though I am, I have heard of Cupids name, guesse I can what  
a. 3. voc.

Cantus Secundus.

Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

a. 3. voc.

Bassus.

Ong and simple though I am, I have heard of Cupids name, guesse I can what

thing it is, men desire when they do kisse, smoak can never burn they say, but the flames that

follow may, but the flames that follow may.

Mr. Nicholas Lanneare.

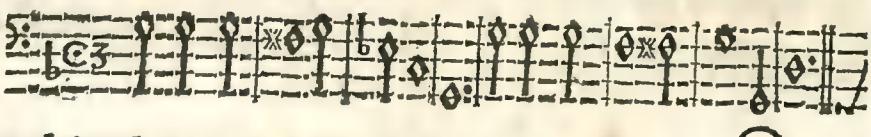
## Short Ayres or Songs for thtee Voyces.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hough I am yong & cannot tell, either what love or death is well,

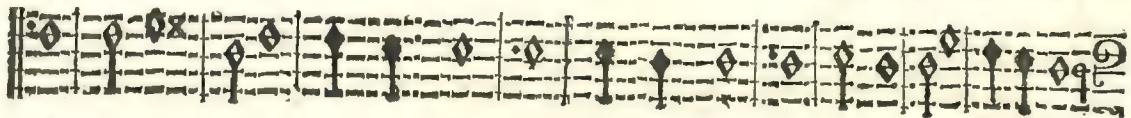


& then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.

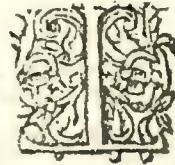
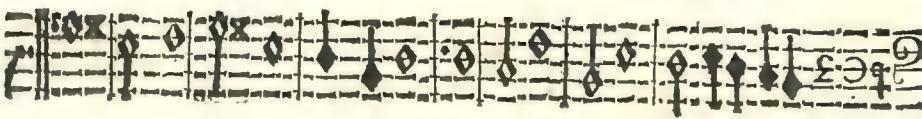


Yet I have heard they both beare darts,  
And both doe aime at humane hearts ;  
So that I feare they doe but bring  
Extreames to touch, and meane one thing.

As then againe I haue been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.



Hough I am yong, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well,

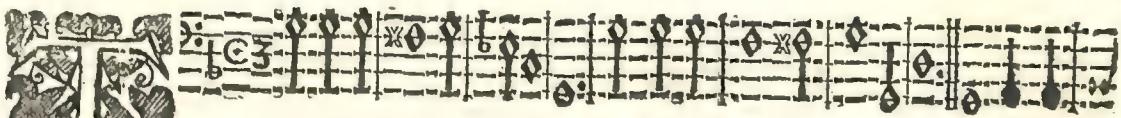


Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hough I am yong & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, & then a



gaine I haue been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.

Mr. Nicholas Lancreare,

Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

25

a. 3. voc.

Mr. William Lawes.



Ather your rose-buds while you may, old time is still a flying,



And that same flower that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



The glorious Lampe of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he is getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

This age is best that is the first,  
While youth and blood are warmer,  
Expect not the last and worst,  
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
While you may goe marry,  
For having once but lost your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

Mr. William Lawes.

Flower that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, old time is still a flying, And that same



Tenor.

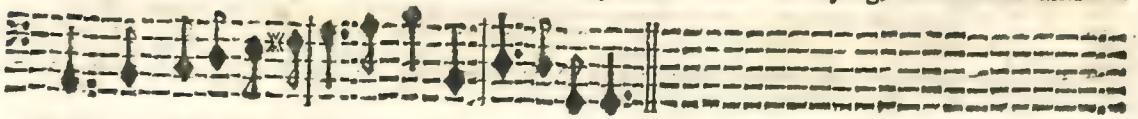
a. 3. voc.

a. 3. voc.

Bass.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, old time is still a flying, And that same



flower that smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

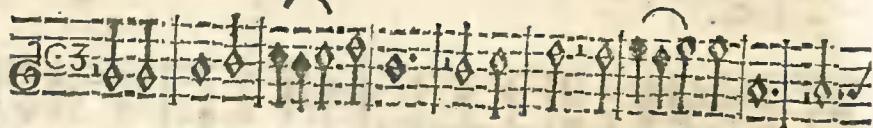
Mr. William Lawes.

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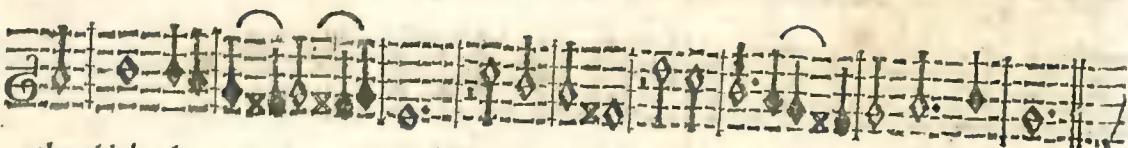
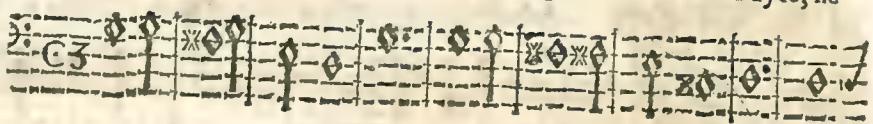
## Short Ayres or Songs for thtree Voyces.

*Cantus Primus.*

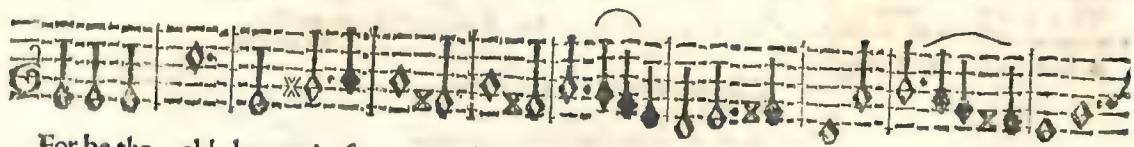
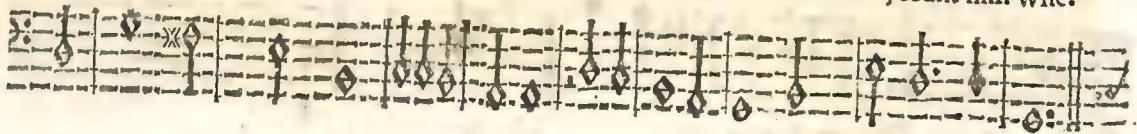
Mr. William Webb.



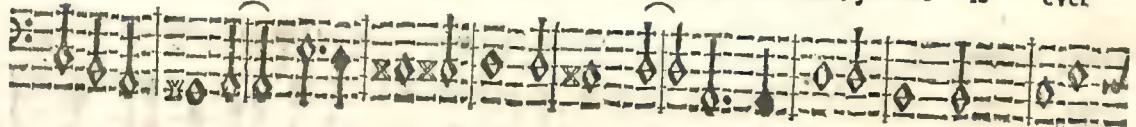
Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and sware she dyes; he



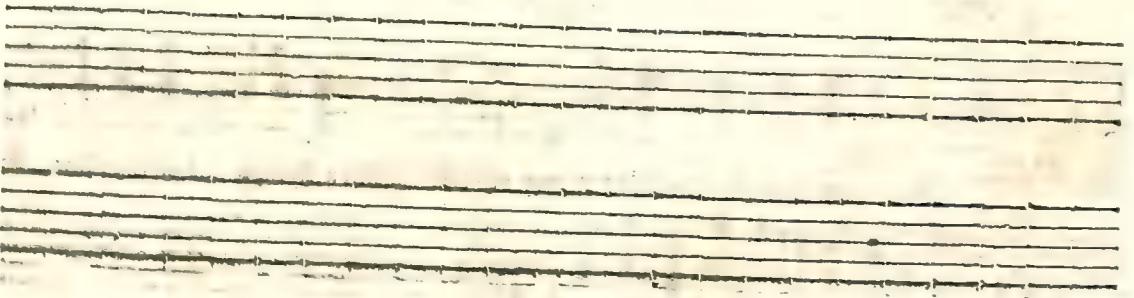
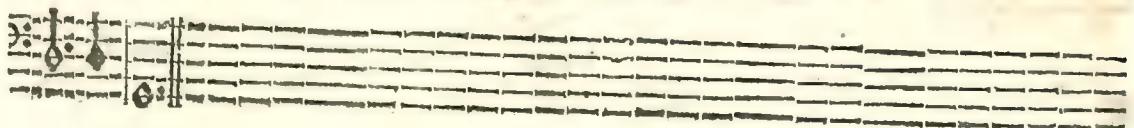
that thinkes he hath her love, I shall never, I shall ne- ver, count him wise.



For be the old love ne're so true, yet she is e- ver for the new, yet she is ever



for the new.

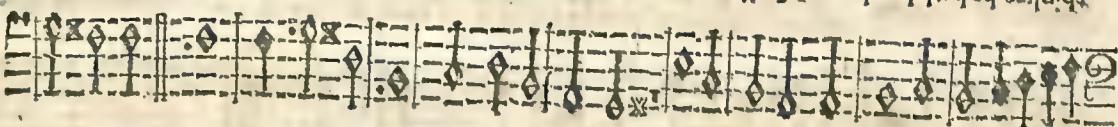


Mr. William Webb.

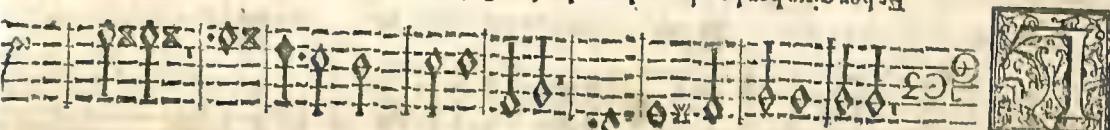
old love ne're fo true, yet she is e- ver for the new, yet she is e- ver for the new.



thinks he hath her love, I shall never, I shall never, I shall never count him wife. For be the



Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and swere she dyes; he that



*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. voc.

Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

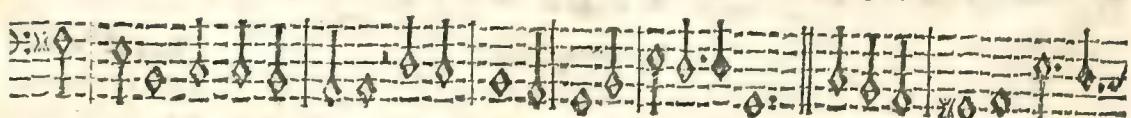
### Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

a. 3. voc.

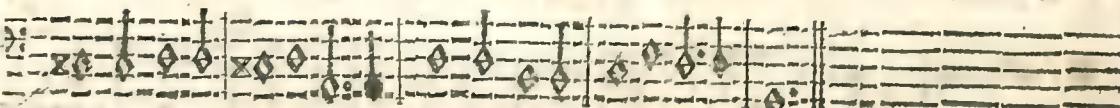
*Bassus.*



Et her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and swere she dyes; he that thinkes



he hath her love, I shall never, I shall never, never, count him wife. For be the old love ne're so



true, yet she is e ver for the new, yet she is ever for the new.

Mr. William Webb.

## Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.



Or that I wish my Mistresse, or more, or lesse then what she  
is, write I these lines; for 'tis too late rules to prescribe un- to my fate.

But as the tender stomacks call  
For choice of meats, yet brooke not all,  
So queasie love may here impart  
Wh're Mistresse 'tis best takes the heart.  
First I would have her richly spread  
With natures blossome, white and red;  
For flaming heat will quickly dye,  
Where is no suell for the eye.  
Yet this alone will never win,  
Unless some treasure be within;  
For where the spoyles not worth the prey,  
Men raise their seige, and march away.

I care not much if she be proud,  
A little pride may be aloud;  
The am'rous youth, will pray and prate  
Too freely, where he findes no state.  
Then I would have her full of wit,  
So she know how to huswife it;  
For she whose insolence will dare  
To cry her wit, will shew her wite.  
Last I would have her loving be,  
(Mistake me not) to none but me;  
She that loves one, and loves one more,  
She'l love a Kingdome o're and o're.



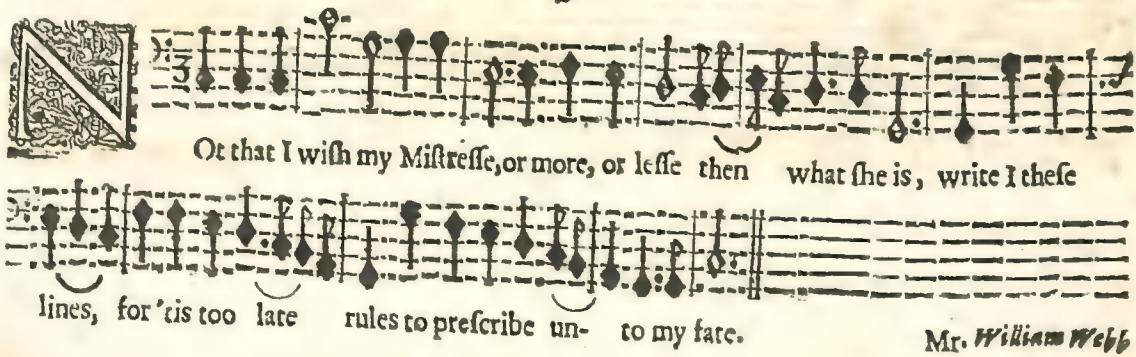
Lines; for 'tis too late rules to pre- -cribe un- to my fate. Mr. William Webb.

Or that I will my Mistresse, or more, or lesse then what she is, write I these

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Or that I wish my Mistresse, or more, or lesse then what she is, write I these  
lines, for 'tis too late rules to prescribe un- to my fate.

Mr. William Webb

Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

a. 3. voc.

*Cantus Primus.*

Mr. William Webb.



Lori, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I lon- -ger stay,  
 thine eyes prevale up- -on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.

*Cantus Primus.*

prevale upon me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way. Mr. William Webb.

Lori, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I lon- -ger stay, thine eyes  
 prevale upon me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.

*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. voc.

*Bassus.*

Lori, farewell I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay, thine eyes prevale up-

on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.

Mr. William Webb.

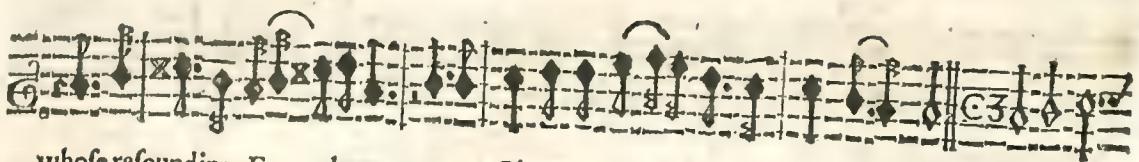
Gg

a. 3. voc.

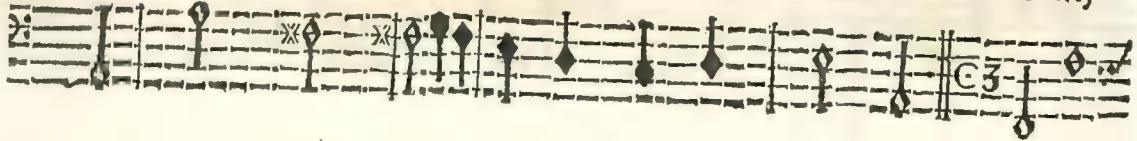
Cantus Primus.



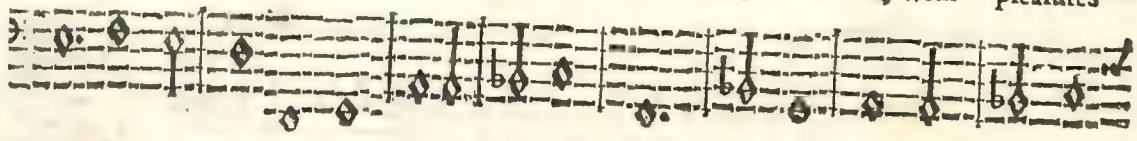
S the sweet breath and gentle gales of our *Pernassas* glads the vales,



whose resounding Ec-choes prove a *Chorus*, a *Choruss* to our songs of love: So lofty



charms so softly charms, of Musicks skill, the ra-visht heart with pleasures fill, with pleasures



fill, the voyce of Cupid sings a bove, the heart below doth Ec-cho love.



Mr. William Webb:

Mr. William Webb.

bove, the heart below doth echo love.

A musical score for three voices: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The Treble part is at the top, Alto in the middle, and Bass at the bottom. The music consists of six staves of musical notation. The lyrics are as follows:

skill, whose - with heart pleasures fill, the voice of Cupid sings a -  
ECHOES prove a Chorus, to our songs of love: So lofty charms of Musicks  
S the sweet breath and gales of our Person-sus glads the vales,



Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. voc.

a. 3. voc.

Bassus.

A musical score for three voices: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The Treble part is at the top, Alto in the middle, and Bass at the bottom. The music consists of six staves of musical notation. The lyrics are as follows:

S the sweet breath and gentle gales of our Person-sus glads the vales, whose re-  
softly.

Sounding Echoes, Echoes, prove a Chorus to our songs of love: So lofty charms, so lofty

A musical score for three voices: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The Treble part is at the top, Alto in the middle, and Bass at the bottom. The music consists of six staves of musical notation. The lyrics are as follows:

charmes of Musicks skill, the ravish'd heart with pleasures fill, with pleasures fill, the voyce of

A musical score for three voices: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The Treble part is at the top, Alto in the middle, and Bass at the bottom. The music consists of six staves of musical notation. The lyrics are as follows:

Cupid sings above, the heart below doth Echo love.

Mr. William Webb.

*These Verses belong to the Song in the next page.*

How didst thou woo with sighs and teares,  
To undoe me in my bloome of yeares?  
Then worth the love of every Swaine,  
Who freely would on me bestow  
Whole flocks, as white as Virgin snow,  
But I did all disdaine.

Or if thou wert resolv'd to wound  
Me with thy scorne, could none be found  
To be the darling of thine eyes  
But servile MOPSA, whose best fare  
Was on my flock, and me to wait,  
A ill-bred Shephardeſſe!

O may that Charme upon her face  
Betray thy heart to love disgrace,  
And to her pride, thou Triump be:  
Dye for her love, as I for thine,  
No ſhepherd's teare bedew thy shrine  
A just revenge for me.

A. 3. voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.



Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove after thy many vowes of love

so false to lose me with thy will? Though I am not so yong and faire as when thy

Garlands crown'd my haire, I am *Urania* still.

Garlands crown'd my haire, I am *Urania* still.

lose me with thy will? Though I am not so young and faire, as when thy

Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. voc.

B. 3. voc.

Bassus.

Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false

to lose me with thy will? Though I am not so yong and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd  
my haire, I am *Urania* still.

F I N I S.

Mr. Will: Webb

